10¢

THE YOUNG ALLIES FEATURED IN

NO. 10

KID KOMICS

SPRING ISSUE
PAYROLL DELIVERY SERVICE
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"Let me show YOU too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF COMMANDO-TOUGH inside and out . . . in double quick time —OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!" says *George F. Jowett* whom experts call the WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

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At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only $1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

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The YOUNG ALLIES
IN THE
"WONDER WHEEL of CRIME!"
ROUND AND ROUND THE WONDER WHEEL GOES AND WHERE IT STOPS--- ONLY HERB KNOWS! WHO IS HERB?? WELL, FOR FIFTEEN YEARS HE WAS ONLY A TIMID LITTLE BOOKKEEPER! BUT ONE DAY, HIS WHOLE LIFE CHANGED--BECAUSE HERB GOT AMBITIOUS! AND IT IS THEN THAT FATE LEADS HIM TO THOSE SIX ROLLICKING GANGBUSTERS THE YOUNG ALLIES!
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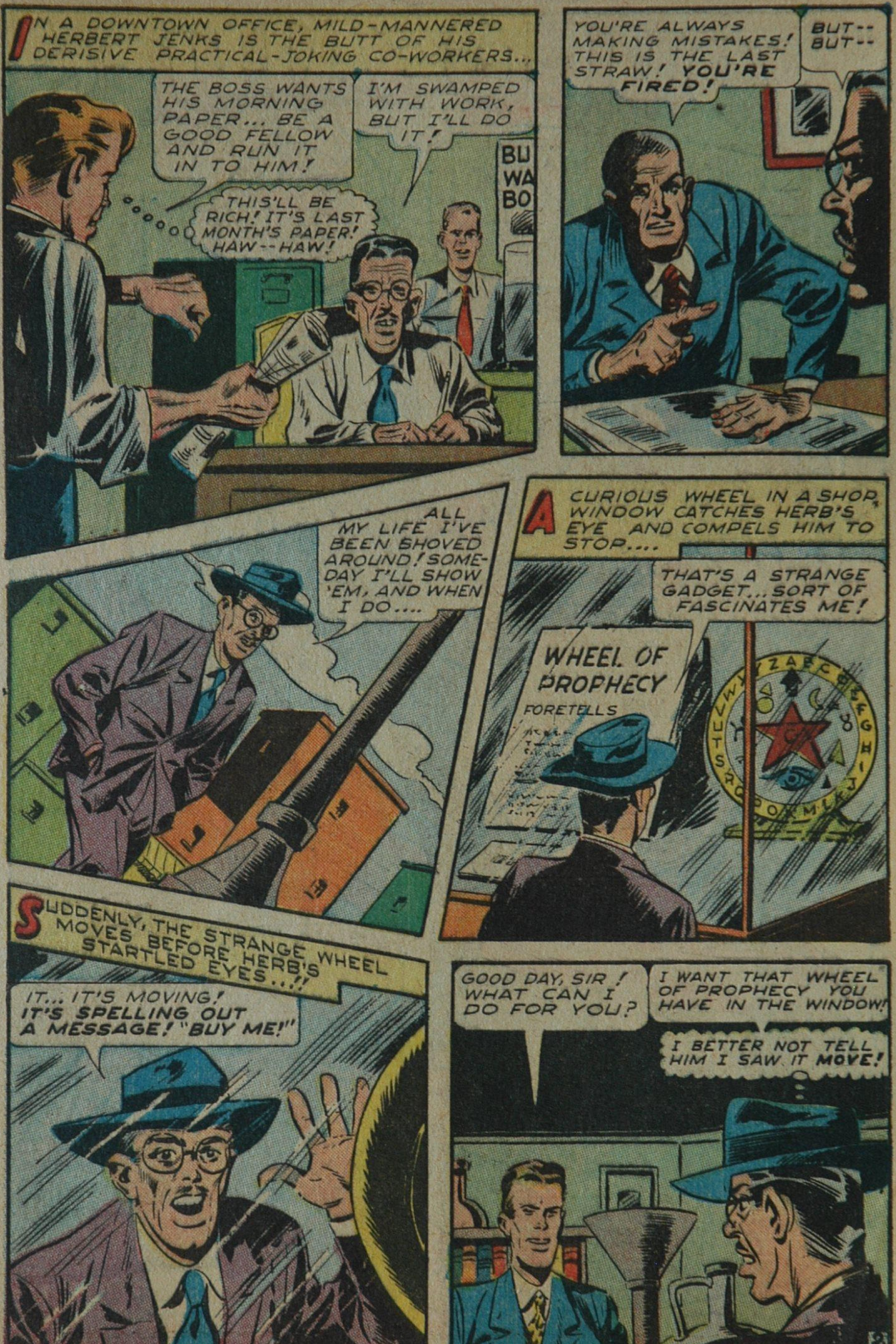
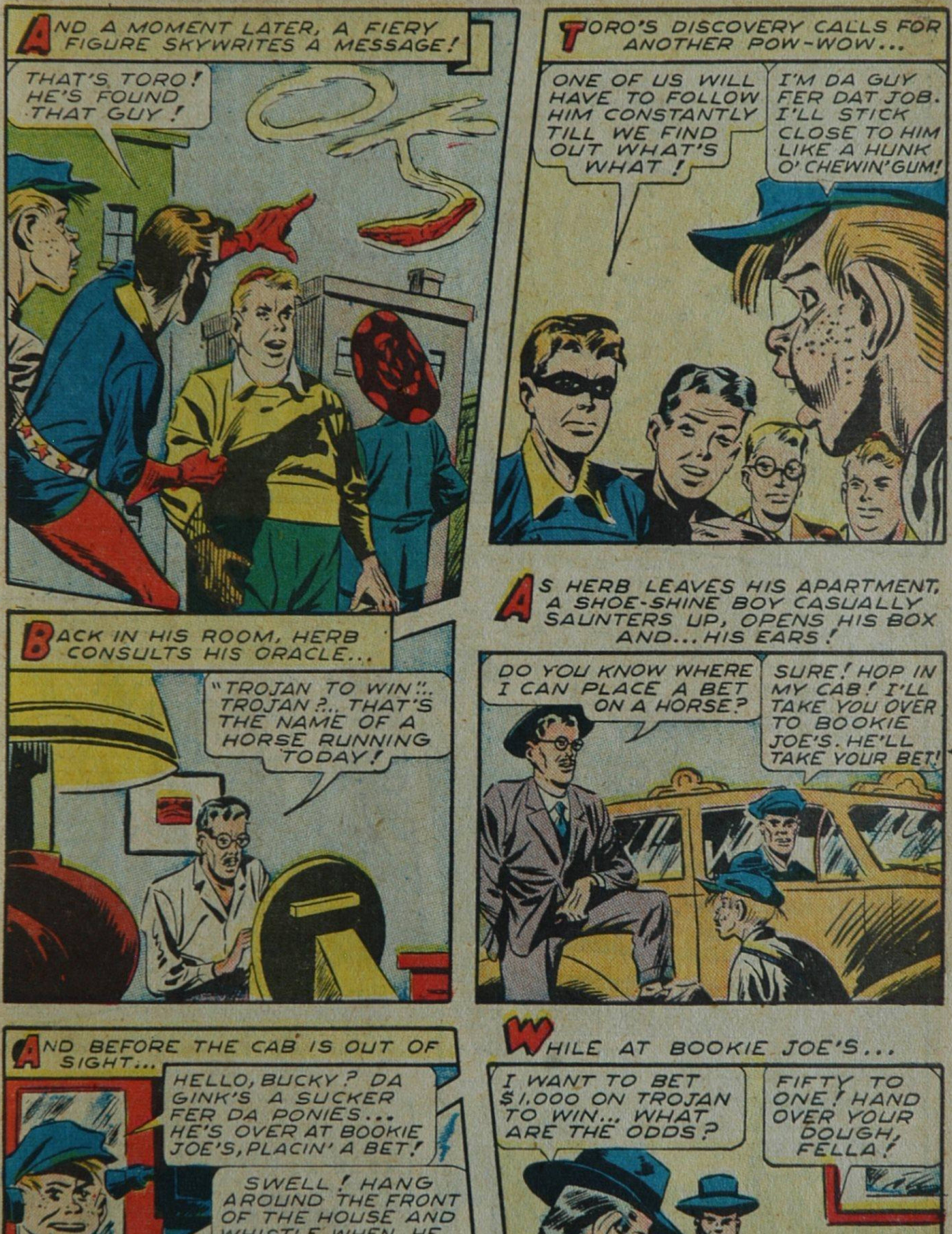

IN A DOWNTOWN OFFICE, MILD-MANNERED HERBERT JENKS IS THE BUTT OF HIS DERISIVE PRACTICAL-JOKING CO-WORKERS...
THE BOSS WANTS HIS MORNING PAPER... BE A GOOD FELLOW AND RUN IT IN TO HIM!
I'M SWAMPED WITH WORK, BUT I'LL DO IT!
THIS'LL BE RICH! IT'S LAST MONTH'S PAPER! HAW--HAW!
BU
WA
BO
YOU'RE ALWAYS MAKING MISTAKES! THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! YOU'RE FIRED!
BUT-- BUT--
ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN SHOVED AROUND! SOMEDAY I'LL SHOW 'EM, AND WHEN I DO....
A CURIOUS WHEEL IN A SHOP WINDOW CATCHES HERB'S EYE AND COMPELS HIM TO STOP....
THAT'S A STRANGE GADGET... SORT OF FASCINATES ME!
WHEEL OF PROPHECY
FORETELLS
SUDDENLY, THE STRANGE WHEEL MOVES BEFORE HERB'S STARTLED EYES...!!
IT... IT'S MOVING! IT'S SPELLING OUT A MESSAGE! "BUY ME!"
GOOD DAY, SIR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I WANT THAT WHEEL OF PROPHECY YOU HAVE IN THE WINDOW!
I BETTER NOT TELL HIM I SAW IT MOVE!
F-3

IT IS AMAZING HOW THESE FASCINATING CURIOS ARE SELLING! HERE YOU ARE, SIR. THIS IS THE WHEEL THAT WAS IN THE WINDOW!
YES, THAT'S THE ONE I WANT!
SUPERSTITIOUS SAP! IF HE HADN'T CLAMMED UP THE WAY HE DID, I COULD HAVE TOLD HIM THAT THE VIBRATIONS OF THE SUBWAY TRAINS RUNNING BENEATH THE BUILDING CAUSE THE WHEELS TO MOVE!
IN THE SECLUSION OF HIS SMALL ROOM, HERB FEVERISHLY UNWRAPS HIS WHEEL OF PROPHECY AND SPINS IT...
IT'S SPELLING OUT "GO TO BROADWAY AND ELM!" I WONDER WHAT THAT CAN MEAN?
A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT BROADWAY AND ELM...
SHOTS COMING FROM THE BANK... MUST BE ROBBERS! I'D BETTER DUCK INTO A DOORWAY!
GOSH, ONE OF THEM IS RUNNING THIS WAY!
UGH! DEY GOT ME! GRAB DE BAG AN' ME GUN AN' SCRAM BEFORE DE BULLS GIT HERE!

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT, HERB PICKS UP THE SMALL BLACK BAG AND THE DEAD BANDIT'S GUN...
...AND FLEES OVER THE ROOF TOPS!
WHO DO YA THINK YA SHOVIN'? DERE GOES ME KITE, YA BIG BABOON!
AFTER HIM, FELLERS... HE'S PACKIN' A GUN! I'LL BET HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE SHOTS WE THOUGHT WERE A CAR BACKFIRING!
HA! HA! THE DOOR'S LOCKED NOW AND I CAN GET AWAY FROM THOSE SNOOPY KIDS!
HEY!... HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!
FIRE EXIT
SLAM!
DASHING DOWN THROUGH THE BUILDING, HERB REACHES THE PAVEMENT AND CROSSES THE STREET TO HIS APARTMENT!
EIGHT GRAND IN CASH... AND A GUN! THE WHEEL AND I ARE GOING PLACES!
WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, A STONE'S THROW AWAY...
HE'S IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD SOMEWHERE... WE'LL SPLIT UP AND COVER THE AREA!
DAT'S DA STUFF! WE'LL SCOUT AROUN' TILL WE SPOT DE MUG!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, TORO SPOTS HIS QUARRY....
HOT DOG! THAT'S HIM! I'LL SIGNAL THE REST OF THE FELLOWS!


AND A MOMENT LATER, A FIERY FIGURE SKYWRITES A MESSAGE!
THAT'S TORO! HE'S FOUND THAT GUY!
TORO'S DISCOVERY CALLS FOR ANOTHER POW-WOW...
ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM CONSTANTLY TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT'S WHAT!
I'M DA GUY FER DAT JOB. I'LL STICK CLOSE TO HIM LIKE A HUNK O' CHEWIN' GUM!
BACK IN HIS ROOM, HERB CONSULTS HIS ORACLE...
"TROJAN TO WIN"!.. TROJAN?.. THAT'S THE NAME OF A HORSE RUNNING TODAY!
AS HERB LEAVES HIS APARTMENT, A SHOE-SHINE BOY CASUALLY SAUNTERS UP, OPENS HIS BOX AND... HIS EARS!
DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN PLACE A BET ON A HORSE?
SURE! HOP IN MY CAB! I'LL TAKE YOU OVER TO BOOKIE JOE'S. HE'LL TAKE YOUR BET!
AND BEFORE THE CAB IS OUT OF SIGHT...
HELLO, BUCKY? DA GINK'S A SUCKER FER DA PONIES... HE'S OVER AT BOOKIE JOE'S, PLACIN' A BET!
SWELL! HANG AROUND THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE AND WHISTLE WHEN HE COMES BACK! WE'LL BE WAITING ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE!
WHILE AT BOOKIE JOE'S...
I WANT TO BET $1,000 ON TROJAN TO WIN... WHAT ARE THE ODDS?
FIFTY TO ONE! HAND OVER YOUR DOUGH, FELLA!

AND WHEN HERB LEAVES...
YOU GONNA THROW OFF ANY OF THAT BET, BOSS?
DON'T BE A CHUMP! THAT GOAT "TROJAN" DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!
LATER...
THE WINNER BY THREE LENGTHS IS... TROJAN, A RANK OUTSIDER!
THAT'S $51,000 COMING TO ME... I'LL STEP INTO BOOKIE JOE'S OFFICE AND COLLECT!
I'M HERE TO COLLECT MY BET. HAND OVER $51,000, IF YOU PLEASE!
WHAT BET? YOU MUST BE BATTY, CHUM! I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE! NOW BEAT IT--BEFORE I RAP YOUR BRAINS OUT!
SCARCELY HAS BOOKIE JOE'S THREAT BEEN UTTERED THAN...
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE A CHEAT---LIKE THIS!
BLAM!
ONE MOVE OUT OF YOU BOYS AND YOU'RE DEAD PIGEONS! I'LL TAKE JOE'S WALLET AND COLLECT MY MONEY!
SURE, SURE, FELLA...JUST DON'T GET TRIGGER-HAPPY!
MEANWHILE... OUR YOUNG HEROES AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS ON THE ROOF OF HERB'S APARTMENT...
DERE GOES KNUCKLES' SIGNAL, SHO' AS YO' BORN!
THAT MEANS OUR FRIEND IS ENTERING THE BUILDING! THE DICTAPHONE IS SET UP!
TWEETTTTT
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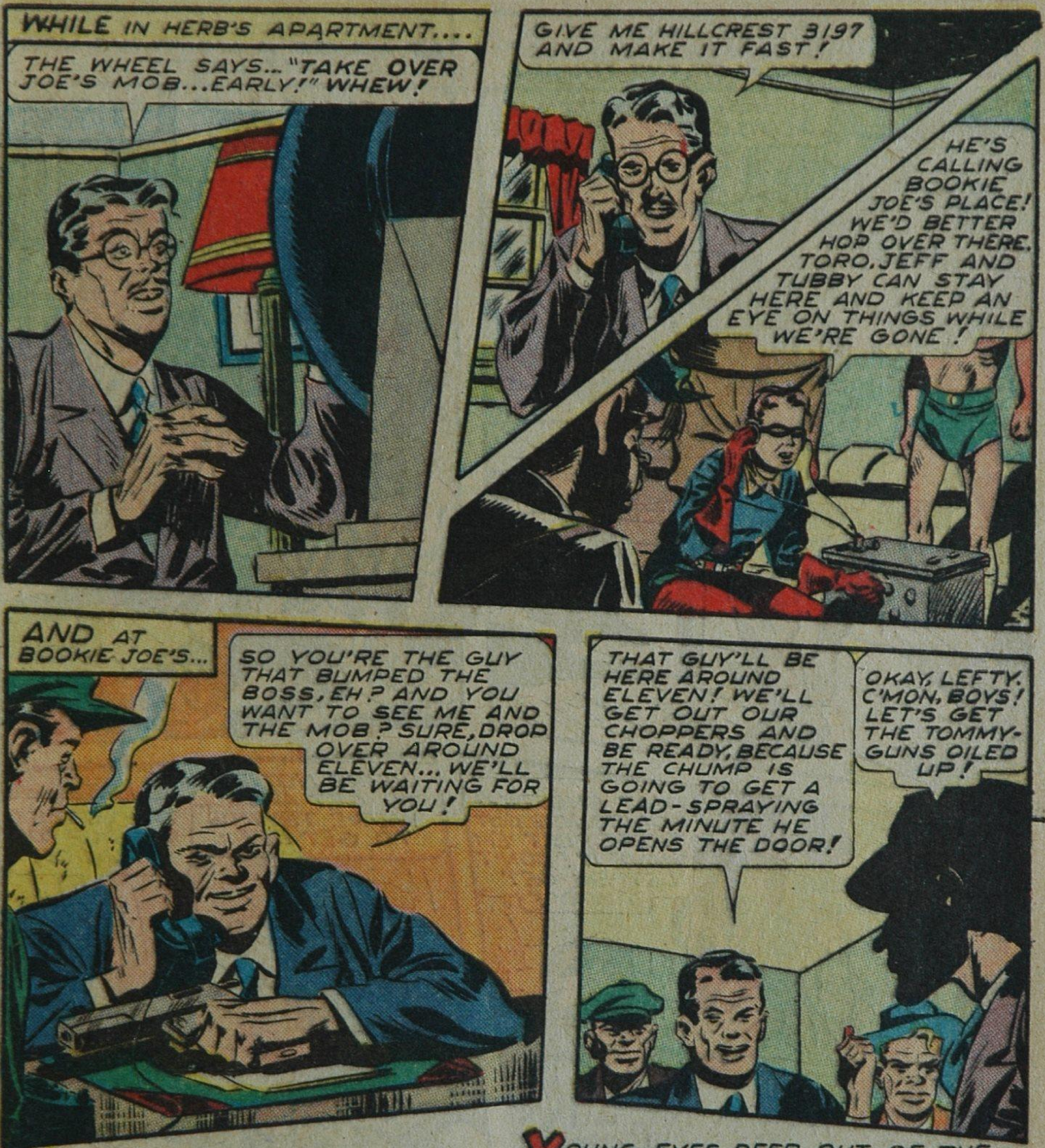
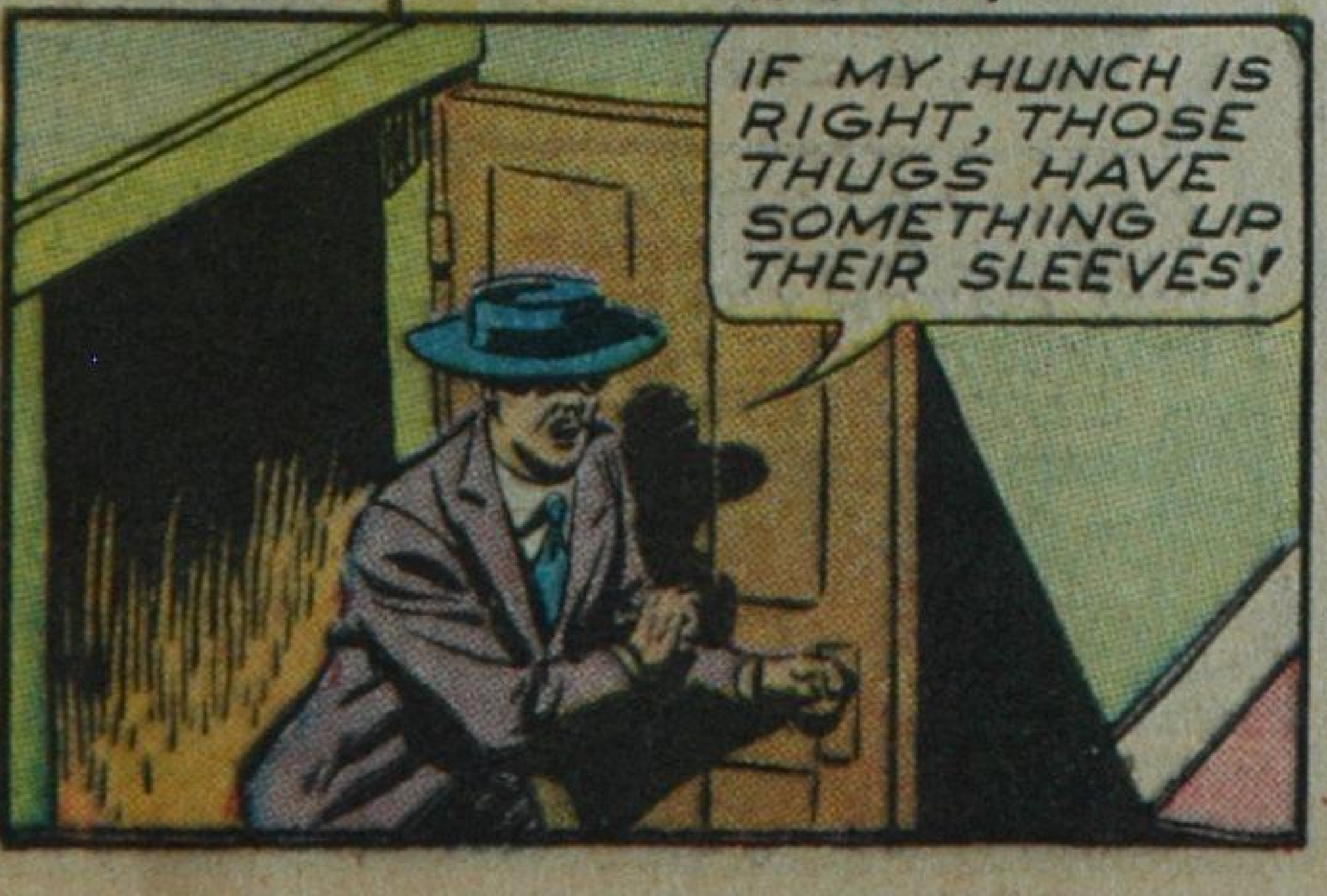
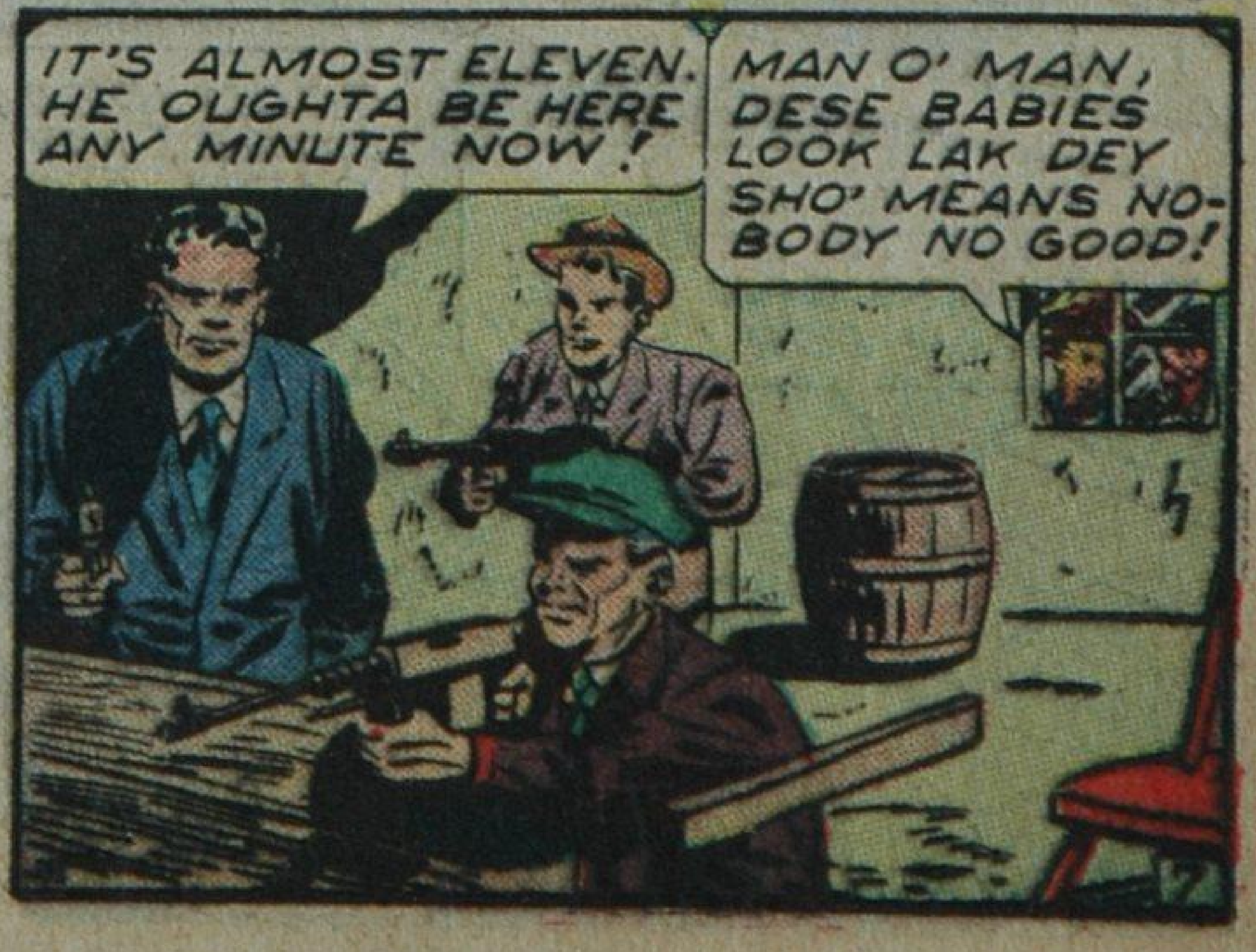

WHILE IN HERB'S APARTMENT....
THE WHEEL SAYS... "TAKE OVER JOE'S MOB...EARLY!" WHEW!
GIVE ME HILLCREST 3197 AND MAKE IT FAST!
HE'S CALLING BOOKIE JOE'S PLACE! WE'D BETTER HOP OVER THERE. TORO, JEFF AND TUBBY CAN STAY HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS WHILE WE'RE GONE!
AND AT BOOKIE JOE'S...
SO YOU'RE THE GUY THAT BUMPED THE BOSS, EH? AND YOU WANT TO SEE ME AND THE MOB? SURE, DROP OVER AROUND ELEVEN... WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU!
THAT GUY'LL BE HERE AROUND ELEVEN! WE'LL GET OUT OUR CHOPPERS AND BE READY, BECAUSE THE CHUMP IS GOING TO GET A LEAD-SPRAYING THE MINUTE HE OPENS THE DOOR!
OKAY, LEFTY. C'MON, BOYS! LET'S GET THE TOMMY-GUNS OILED UP!

AFTER MULLING OVER THE CRYPTIC MESSAGE OF THE WONDER WHEEL, HERB SUDDENLY REALIZES THE FULL IMPORT OF THE WORD "EARLY!"


IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THOSE THUGS HAVE SOMETHING UP THEIR SLEEVES!

YOUNG EYES PEER OUT OF THE DARK AS THE WILY GANGSTERS COMPLETE THEIR SINISTER PLANS...

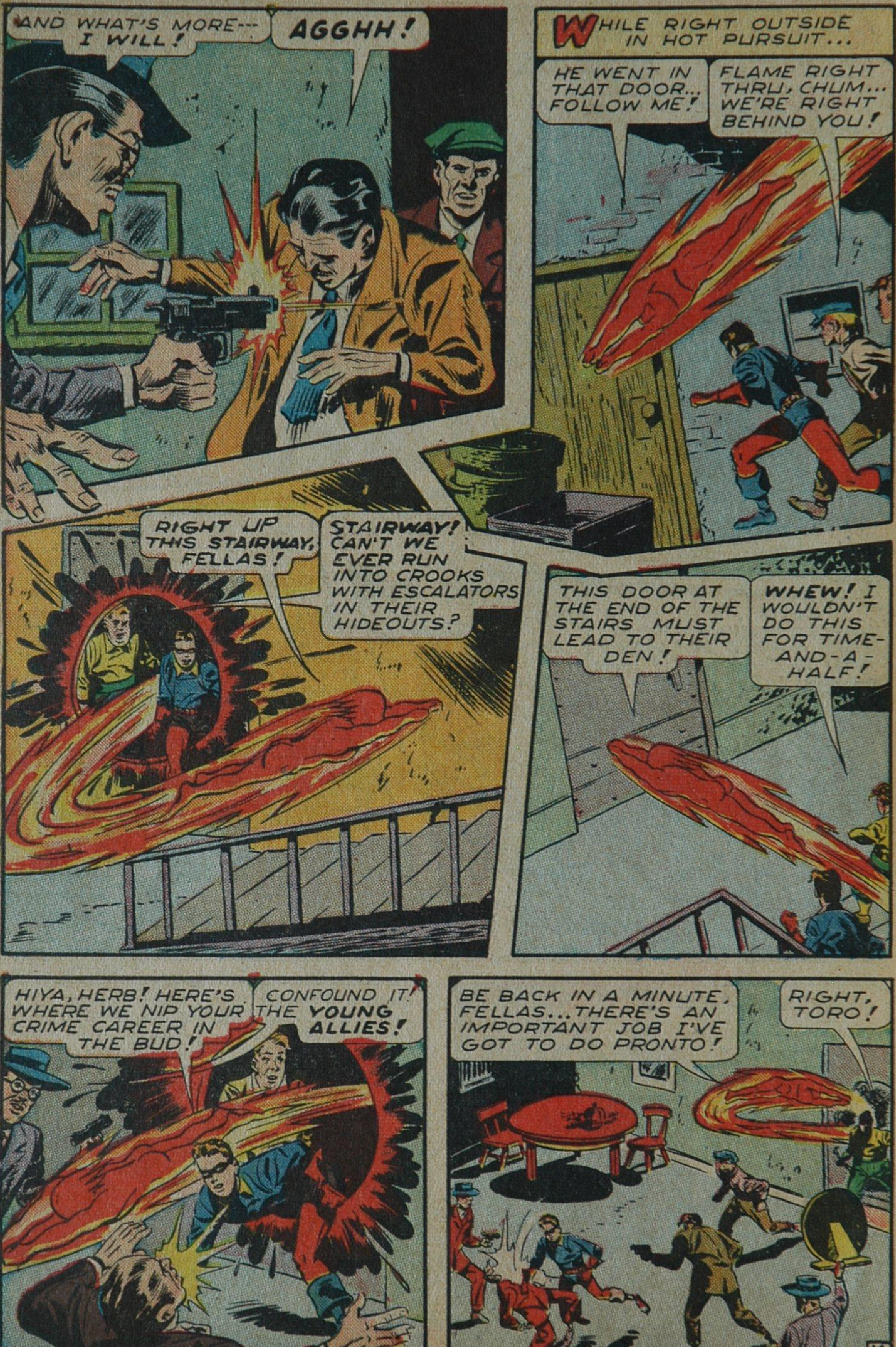

IT'S ALMOST ELEVEN. HE OUGHTA BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!
MAN O' MAN, DESE BABIES LOOK LAK DEY SHO' MEANS NO-BODY NO GOOD!

11 O'CLOCK STRIKES---AND OUT OF A SHADOWY CORNER STEPS HERB--- IN FULL VIEW OF THE THUGS!
SURPRISED TO SEE ME, GENTLEMEN? DROP YOUR GUNS AND WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE BUSINESS CHAT!
LIKE A CORNERED RAT, LEFTY MAKES A LIGHTNING MOVE... HIS LAST!
I'M TAKING OVER THIS MOB, AND THERE'LL BE NO DOUBLE-CROSSING... OR ELSE!
AH-CHOO! OMIGOSH!
THAT SNEEZE-- SOMEONE'S OUT THERE! LET 'EM HAVE IT! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!
WE'RE NOT TRYING TO GET AWAY... WE'RE TRYING TO GET IN!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU PUNKS!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO SCRAM... THE KIDS CAN TAKE THE RAP FOR LEFTY!
GOOD IDEA, BOSS! MY CAR'S OUTSIDE!
DROP ME OFF AT THE CORNER HERE... I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU AT THE HIDE-OUT LATER!
SURE, BOSS. BE SEEIN' YA!

WHILE BUCKY AND HIS PALS ARE GONE, THE REST OF THE BOYS DECIDE TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING OF THEIR OWN---
PUT THE STUFF BACK, QUICK! HE'S ON HIS WAY UP!
DOUSE THE LIGHTS! WE'LL DUCK INTO THE NEXT ROOM!
THE WHEEL SURE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE "EARLY" TIP---- I'LL SEE WHAT ITS MESSAGE IS BEFORE MEETING THE GUYS AT THE HIDEOUT!
PAGEANT--- MONEY-- JEWELS?? SO THAT'S THE TIP-OFF FOR THE NEXT JOB--- WHAT WAS THAT?
CRASH!
IN THEIR DESIRE TO FRUSTRATE THE NEXT INFAMOUS SCHEME INVOKED FROM THE WHEEL OF CRIME, CAUTION IS THROWN TO THE WINDS---!
GRAB THE WHEEL, BOYS. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
LOOK OUT, TORO!
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU BLASTED BRATS! I'VE GOT A DATE TO KEEP!
MINUTES LATER---
THERE'S THE EQUIPMENT-- HELP YOURSELVES! EACH ONE KNOWS HIS JOB--- AND THERE'D BETTER NOT BE ANY SLIP-UP!
WE GOTCHA, BOSS!

AT A MAMMOTH CHARITY DRIVE, LATER THAT DAY...
THE AFFAIR IS A HUGE SUCCESS, FOLKS! THE QUOTA OF $ 250,000 HAS BEEN MET, AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE STILL POURING IN! LISTEN TO THE CROWD ROAR... HERE COMES THE FLOAT BEARING MISS UNIVERSE OF 1945, WEARING THE CROWN JEWELS OF CZARINA PETROVA AND SURROUNDED BY HER ROYAL GUARD ... BLAH... BLAH...
THE FLOAT ROLLS PAST--- AND ITS SIX LITTLE ESCORTS LOOK VERY FAMILIAR !!!
WHILE IN THE CROWD...
TAKE UP YOUR POSITIONS AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, SLIP ON YOUR MASKS AND GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!
DIS IS GONNA BE A SWEET HAUL... LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!
PSSST, FELLAS! IT'S A GOOD T'ING WE DECIDED TA STRING ALONG WIT' DIS PAGEANT--- 'CAUSE DERE'S OUR MAN!
YEP! IT'S HERB, ALL RIGHT!
SUDDENLY PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!
LET'S GO!
HELP!
10

AS THE GAS GRENADES EXPLODE AMONG THE YOUNG ALLIES...
HEY! WATCH OUT!
GET THE JEWELS AND BEAT IT TO THE CAR, FAST!
WE'RE NOT WAITING FOR ANYONE, BUD!
HELP... GIVE ME A HAND... ONE OF THOSE KIDS RIPPED MY MASK AND THE GAS GOT ME!
THEY'RE NOT CUTTIN' ME OUT (GASP)... GOTTA GET TO THE HIDE-OUT!
HEY, LOOK... ONE OF 'EM (GASP) HAS BEEN LEFT BEHIND! AFTER HIM!
STEP ON IT! HE'S HEADING FOR THAT ALLEY!
QUICK! GRAB YER GATS... DEM ALLIES IS AFTER ME!
YOU DUMB OX..., I OUGHT TO PLUG YOU FOR LEADING THEM HERE!


AND WHAT'S MORE--- I WILL!
AGGHH!
WHILE RIGHT OUTSIDE IN HOT PURSUIT...
HE WENT IN THAT DOOR... FOLLOW ME!
FLAME RIGHT THRU, CHUM... WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
RIGHT UP THIS STAIRWAY, FELLAS!
STAIRWAY! CAN'T WE EVER RUN INTO CROOKS WITH ESCALATORS IN THEIR HIDEOUTS?
THIS DOOR AT THE END OF THE STAIRS MUST LEAD TO THEIR DEN!
WHEW! I WOULDN'T DO THIS FOR TIME-AND-A-HALF!
HIYA, HERB! HERE'S WHERE WE NIP YOUR CRIME CAREER IN THE BUD!
CONFOUND IT! THE YOUNG ALLIES!
BE BACK IN A MINUTE, FELLAS... THERE'S AN IMPORTANT JOB I'VE GOT TO DO PRONTO!
RIGHT, TORO!

BEWILDERED BY THE UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS, HERB STANDS AGHAST PONDERING HIS NEXT MOVE...HELPLESS...
OW!
JEEPERS! DIS PUNCHIN' ROUTINE IS GIVIN' ME DISHPAN HANDS!
THEN!
ALMOST FORGOT! THE WHEEL CAN HELP ME!... IT'S SPELLING OUT..."D-O-O-" THE LAST LETTER HAS BEEN SHOT OFF... BUT IT MUST MEAN DOOR...HA! HA! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
GET OUT OF MY WAY!
COME BACK, YOU SAP! MAYBE THIS FIREBALL WILL STOP YOU!
BUT HERB BLINDLY OBEYS THE FINAL MESSAGE OF THE MYSTIC WHEEL, AND...
HOLY MACKEREL!
AIEEEE!
HERE HE IS! AND HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!
CAN'T... UNDERSTAND IT... WHEEL... SPELLED... D-O-O-R! IT - IT FAILED ME!
HE'S DEAD! AND HE'LL NEVER KNOW THE MISSING LETTER WAS "M"!
HE DIDN'T REALIZE I BURNED OFF THE PLATFORM TO CUT OFF THEIR ESCAPE!
YEAH! AND INSTEAD O' "DOOR", DA WHEEL WUZ SPELLIN' DOOM! AN' DAT'S JUST WHAT IT WUZ!
THE END

CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

by You

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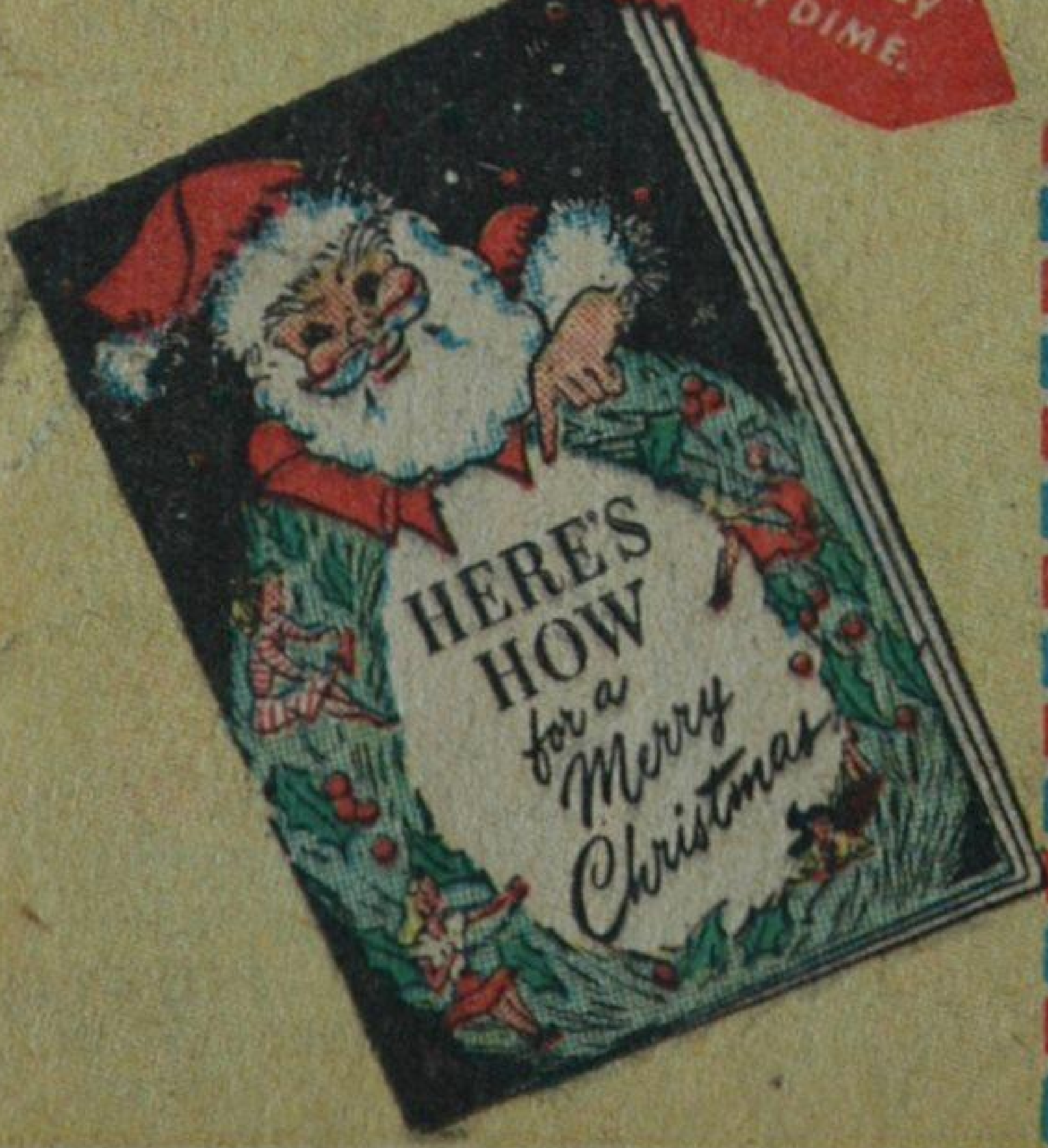
HERE'S HOW for a Merry Christmas

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MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
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The DESTROYER
AND
"THE CORPSE IN THE GILDED CAGE!"
DESTROYER VISITS THE CENTRAL DETECTIVE AGENCY...
DESTROYER, OLD KICK!! GLAD YOU GOT HERE IN TIME. I WAS JUST READY TO LEAVE!
SO I NOTICE.. AND TO WHAT SPOT ON THE GLOBE DOES A CASE TAKE OUR INTREPID DETECTIVE THIS TIME?
MEXICO! AND YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE OVER THE AGENCY UNTIL I RETURN!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED TO SEE ME? OF ALL THE COLOSSAL..
I KNEW YOU'D DO IT! KATHY'LL GIVE YOU THE LOWDOWN. SO LONG, SWEETHEARTS, I'M OFF!
BUT, JERRY!!
BYE NOW, JERRY! HAVE FUN!
SUCH IS THE MANNER BY WHICH DESTROYER FINDS HIMSELF IN CHARGE OF JERRY CRANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY.

AND DESTROYER HASN'T LONG TO WAIT FOR HIS FIRST CASE. IN FACT, THE VERY NEXT DAY...
A MISS CHERNI ON THE PHONE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT, DESTROYER!
THANKS, KATHY!
I'M MAGMA CHERNI OF THE HOUDIN AND CHERNI MAGIC ACT! I'VE DISCOVERED MY PARTNER IS A THIEF AND IS PLANNING TO STEAL THE... SOMEONE'S COMING, DESTROYER!!
HURRY, MAGMA! THE CURTAIN GOES UP IN FIVE MINUTES AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN DRESSED! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU?
A PHONE CALL FROM MY DRESSMAKER, HOUDIN, I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!
SHE'S LYING! THAT WAS THE DESTROYER SHE SPOKE TO! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT SHE SPEAKS NO MORE - TO ANYONE! AND AS FOR THE DESTROYER...
SHE HUNG UP!!! FIND OUT WHERE THEIR ACT IS PLAYING TONIGHT!
JUST A SECOND — SOMETHING ABOUT THEM IN TODAY'S PAPER!
HERE IT IS, THEY'RE DOING A CHARITY PERFORMANCE FOR THE MILK FUND AT THE SWANK HOTEL CLAYTON, SOCIETY WILL BE WELL REPRESENTED!
AS WILL THE CENTRAL DETECTIVE AGENCY IN THE FORM OF YOURSELF - AND THE DESTROYER!
THAT EVENING, OUTSIDE THE BALLROOM OF THE CLAYTON...
WELL, LOOK AT THOSE DIAMONDS! THESE GLAMOR GALS MUST HAVE THEIR FAMILY FORTUNES AROUND THEIR NECKS!
WHICH MAY BE THE REASON FOR HOUDIN'S PRESENCE HERE TONIGHT! GO ON IN, KATHY - I'M GOING BACKSTAGE TO WATCH THIS FROM THE WINGS!

AS DESTROYER HEADS FOR THE STAGEDOOR IN THE ALLEY...
THERE HE IS!
WHA-?
GIVING A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE, EH, BOYS?
YOWW!
WELL, I'LL CRAB YOUR ACT --- OHHH --
OWW! MY PLAYFUL FRIENDS HAVE DISAPPEARED! IF HOUDIN OVERHEARD MISS CHERNI'S PHONE CALL TO ME, HE MIGHT HAVE SENT THEM TO GET ME...
DESTROYER ARRIVES IN THE WINGS IN TIME TO CATCH HOUDIN'S FAMOUS CRYSTAL VASE TRICK--
VERY CLEVER! THE PLATFORM PIVOTS TO SUBSTITUTE AN EMPTY VASE FOR THE ONE WITH THE GIRL WHO IS HIDDEN FROM THE AUDIENCE BY THE SMOKED GLASS BACK DROP!
SO! VANISHED!
AND NOW MY ASSISTANT WILL REAPPEAR IN THE GILDED CAGE ABOVE YOUR HEADS! SO!
CLAP! CLAP!

AS THE CURTAIN RINGS DOWN, ACCOMPANIED BY THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE, DESTROYER HEARS A MUFFLED SHOT AND SEES..
WHAT ???
BANG!
THE GIRL! SHE'S BEEN.. SHOT!
GOOD LORD! IT'S MISS CHERNI! IS SHE....?
DEAD? YES! SHE WAS SHOT IN THE BACK FROM THIS PLATFORM!
YOU'RE BLAKE, THE HOTEL MANAGER, AREN'T YOU?
MAGMA! SHE'S DEAD! THIS IS HORRIBLE - HORRIBLE!
EASY, HOUDIN! KEEP CALM!
THE AUDIENCE IS GETTING RESTLESS. WE MUSTN'T LET THEM SUSPECT! GO DOWN THERE AND CARRY ON!
ALL RIGHT, BLAKE! I MUSTN'T THINK OF MYSELF, EVEN NOW. THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
SHE WAS SHOT FROM HERE, HUH? THAT RULES OUT HOUDIN!
TEMPORARILY! BUT REMEMBER, HE HAD A STRONG MOTIVE FOR KILLING MAGMA... LET'S WATCH THIS ACT FROM THE WINGS!
I'LL NEED A JEWEL FOR MY NEXT TRICK... MRS. FARRELL, I SEE YOU'RE WEARING YOUR FAMOUS CROWN DIAMOND. MAY I BORROW IT, PLEASE?
WHY.. WHY... ALL RIGHT!
NOW I PLACE THIS PRICELESS GEM BETWEEN THE CRUSHER AND BRING IT DOWN - SO! - BUT DO NOT WORRY MRS. FARRELL
OHH!
CRUNCH!

NOW I RAISE THE CRUSHER AND, FEELING FOR THE SHATTERED JEWEL, I FIND IT—INTACT! YOUR DIAMOND, MADAME!
VERY CLEVER, BUT I DON'T THINK I'D WANT TO TRY IT AGAIN!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT TRICK?
PLENTY! GET THAT WOMAN'S DIAMOND AND HAVE IT APPRAISED... I CAN NOW PROVE THE MOTIVE FOR THIS MURDER—BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT THE METHOD!
WHILE KATHY DASHES AWAY ON HER ERRAND, DESTROYER VISITS THE STAGEHANDS.
I UNDERSTAND YOU MEN HAVE BEEN WITH HOUDIN AND CHERNI A LONG TIME!
OVER THREE YEARS.
GOOD! WAS ANYTHING DIFFERENT ABOUT THE ACT TONIGHT?
WHY-YEAH! THE CURTAIN WAS NEVER RUNG DOWN AT THE END OF THE VASE TRICK BEFORE. HOUDIN SWITCHED TONIGHT AT THE LAST MOMENT!
THANKS! YOU'VE JUST HANDED ME A MURDERER ON A SILVER PLATTER!
HUH? ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
A PISTOL RIGGED TO FIRE AT THE CAGE WHEN THE CURTAIN WAS RUNG DOWN! SO THAT'S HOW HOUDIN KILLED MAGMA! QUITE A TRICK!
I'VE GOT A TRICK OF MY OWN TO TRAP THE GREAT HOUDIN—BUT I'LL NEED BLAKE, THE HOTEL MANAGER, TO HELP ME!

MEANWHILE, THE GREAT HOUDIN PREPARES TO WIND UP HIS ACT...
AND NOW FOR MY ORIENTAL TRICK. I'VE LAID THIS RUG ON THE BARE FLOOR.. A FEW MAGIC PASSES, AND NOW I PICK IT UP TO SHOW YOU..
...THE DESTROYER! (GULP!) HOW... HOW'D YOU GET HERE?
BLAKE SHOWED ME YOUR SECRET TRAP-DOOR, CHUM!
VERY CLEVER, THE WAY YOU MURDERED YOUR ASSISTANT AFTER SHE DISCOVERED YOU WERE TAKING VALUABLES FROM THE AUDIENCE! BUT YOUR TRICKS CAN'T HELP YOU NOW, HOUDIN!
WRONG, DESTROYER! HERE'S STILL ANOTHER ONE!
AND I'VE STILL ANOTHER TRICK TO HELP ME ESCAPE, DESTROYER! HA, HA!
ONE OF HIS PROP TRUNKS WITH A FALSE BOTTOM! CHANCES ARE IT LEADS OUT TO...
...THE ALLEY!
6

YOUR THUGS AGAIN, EH, HOUDIN? I THOUGHT YOU WERE BEHIND THAT ATTACK ON ME BEFORE!
YES, AND HAD THEY KILLED YOU THEN, I'D NEVER HAVE BEEN TAGGED FOR MAGMA'S DEATH!
BUT THEY DIDN'T, PAL! I'M VERY MUCH ALIVE!
SO? WELL THIS GUN WILL DISPOSE OF YOU!
NOT IF I DISPOSE OF THE GUN FIRST!!!
DESTROYER! YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES! DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE CROWN DIAMOND? WAS IT..
YES, ONE OF THE BEST IMITATIONS THE JEWELER'S EVER SEEN!
THERE'S YOUR CASE, CAPTAIN: HOUDIN BORROWED THE JEWELS FROM THEIR OWNERS FOR THE CRUSHER TRICK, THEN SWITCHED AND HANDED BACK IMITATIONS! MISS CHERNI CAUGHT ON, SO HE KILLED HER! THE RIGGED GUN IS ON THE CURTAIN-CONTROL!
WELL, DESTROYER, YOU DID A SWELL JOB ON YOUR FIRST CASE FOR JERRY. HOUDIN'S SAFELY ON HIS WAY TO JAIL!
AND ALL THE MAGIC IN THE WORLD WON'T SAVE HIM FROM THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, KATHY!
THE END

THE KILLER

JOHN MORRIS was the kind of man that people set their watches by. For 20 years, he had been on time. He would take the 7:01 A.M. train to the city, and be at his job by 8:00. Everyone at the National Bank knew him. He became a fixture there.

Now John Morris was going to kill a man. His nervous fingers clutched the butt of the heavy service pistol he had brought home from the last war.

He walked along the street, his eyes shining behind the pince-nez glasses he wore. His suit was pressed, his shoes shined, and his white shirt was snowy. He looked like what he was, a neat, meticulous bank clerk.

But what the casual passers-by did not know was that Morris had helped embezzle almost $10,000 from the bank. The next day the examiners would come and he would be exposed. That was why he moved so precisely toward the moment when he would kill.

In John's orderly mind, the sequence of events which brought him on the threshold of murder passed in neat array. It all started a month previously.

Ned Corley, son of Alvin Corley, the Bank President had stumbled into his cage late one afternoon. Liquor was heavy on the younger man's breath.

"Hi, Morris," he mumbled.

"Hello, Ned," the clerk replied.

"Say, Morris what are you doing later this evening?"

"Why-er- I was going to dinner and then home why?"

"I'd like to have a talk with you," said Ned.

* * * * *

MORRIS disliked Corley intensely. But he could scarcely be indifferent to the son of his employer.

"Well, Ned," he asked, "what is it you want to talk about?"

"It's concerning a little investment that I want to make," the other replied.

Morris' voice was annoyed, "Can't you speak to me about it here. I don't like to discuss business after hours."

The young man laughed. There was a nasty ring to the laugh. He said, "I think that you will be very interested in this investment, Morris."

"All right," said the clerk, "where do you want me to meet you?"

"Suppose we make it at my apartment. Be there at 8:00. I know that I don't have to worry about you being on time. You've never been late for anything."

That was how it had begun. That was the first step along the road which had brought John Morris to the brink of murder.

At exactly 8:00 Morris presented himself at the door of Corley's swank apartment. The young man answered the door bell himself. He swayed slightly, and his face was flushed. He held a glass in his hand and his eyes were pin points of hardness.

"Why if it isn't old man Morris. The kid himself. C'mon in, kid." Corley's voice was thick.

Morris stepped through the door. In clipped tones he said, "Get down to business. I haven't much time to waste with you, Corley."

"Oh, I think you'll be very interested in what I have to say. You won't feel that you're wasting your time. Not at all. Let's sit down." Corley led the way into a finely furnished living room. He motioned to a chair. Morris sat down.

"Drink?" asked Corley.

"I don't drink."

"Smoke? he held out a cigarette case toward Morris.

"No thanks. I don't smoke. Now please tell me why you asked me to come here. You said something about advice concerning an investment you planned to make."

"So you don't drink—and you don't smoke. No vices, eh? And to top it all you've never been late in the 20 years you have worked at the bank. You are a fine man. Yes indeed, a fine man."

"What are you leading up to?" asked Morris.

* * * * *

FOR a long moment, Corley stared at Morris. His eyes seemed to bore into the other man. Then he grinned nastily.

"Morris—what do you consider the best investment?"

"Why, stocks, securities, bonds. Anyone knows that. Of course, you are just joking."

"No. You are wrong. You know what the best investment is? I'll tell you. The best investment is—BLACKMAIL!!"

"What are you talking about? I don't understand!"

Corley laughed out loud. "Well, my good, upright, honest Mr. Morris, suppose I tell you that I know something about you that no one else knows. Something that has been buried for almost 20 years."

Morris' face turned white. He sucked in his breath. "I-I-don't know what you are talking about. . . . I-I—"

The other man stood over him. A long finger pointed to Morris.

"I know you. I know all about you—Al Taylor. Killer and jail-bird. I know all about you!"

Morris seemed to crumple. He dropped his face in his hands. "But—that is all gone. I was released from prison. I never killed her. I was innocent. It was circumstantial evidence."

"Innocent? You were innocent. Why you poor man. But you did serve two years in the pen. You did get accused of your wife's murder. Your name was plastered over the papers, back in 'Frisco." Corley stopped to light a cigarette.

"But that was almost 25 years ago. There has never been a breath of scandal against me. You can do nothing—nothing!"

"Oh, can't I? Suppose it became known that John Morris, the paragon of virtue was living under an alias. Suppose it became known that he was Al Taylor—the sensation of 25 years ago. Do you think that people would want their money handled by an ex-murder suspect? By a convict? This is a small community. There is no place for convicts here. Especially in the bank."

"You don't frighten me a bit," said Morris, "tomorrow I will tell your father the whole story."

"And what good do you think that would do you? Especially when your accounts turn up $1,000 short. You see I have you trapped. I juggled your books just enough to convince everyone that the leopard doesn't change his spots. Do you think my father will believe anything you tell him?"

"Well . . .", Morris said hopelessly, "you have me. What do you want?"

"Now you are talking some sense. I want money Straight out—I want money. And you are going to give it to me. Or else— I tip the works about your past and the shortage is discovered in your books. Play ball with me and I'll help you hide the deficiency."

"No. I won't do it. You can't frighten me into paying you blackmail."

* * * * *

CORLEY'S fist shot out. It caught Morris in the mouth. Blood trickled down Morris' chin. Corley punched again and the older man went down.

"Listen, you! I'm not fooling I need dough And I'm going to get it. If I spill the beans you are going to jail Get me dough and I'll help you cover the shortage Because by the time I get through with you—there'll be plenty of shortage to cover. Do you say yes—or must I beat it out of you?"

Morris was beaten. He slowly lifted himself from the floor. His face worked with emotion. "I'm licked. What do you want me to do?"

That was how it began. But it was going to end with the death of Ned Corley. He would die with a bullet in his head. A bullet from the pistol John Morris carried in his overcoat pocket.

* * * *

MORRIS knew it was too late to make up for the weakness he had shown by giving in to the other's plan. Too late. He would go to prison for stealing money from his account to pay the blackmail. True, the books could be juggled to hide the deficit. But Corley had demanded and received $10,000 in a month! Where would it end? How far would the blackmailer's demands lead his victim?

That morning Morris made his decision. He took the pistol, which he had not touched since 1918, down from the shelf. It was wrapped in the cosmoline cloth, which he had put around it so many years before. He cleaned it carefully. Loaded it, and placing it in his pocket, had gone through the day's routine.

He was to meet Corley at the apartment, later in the evening. That was where his exact steps were taking him now. To keep a rendezvous which would make him a killer. Once he had been called a killer, but was innocent. Now he would truly be a murderer. A thief and a murderer.

* * * * *

HE WAS at the apartment house. He strode across the lobby and rang for the elevator. The door slid open and he walked into the car. The cheerful elevator operator said:

"Good evening, sir. What floor?"

"Mr. Corley's apartment, please." His fingers tightened around the pistol butt.

"Mr. Corley, sir? Haven't you heard?"

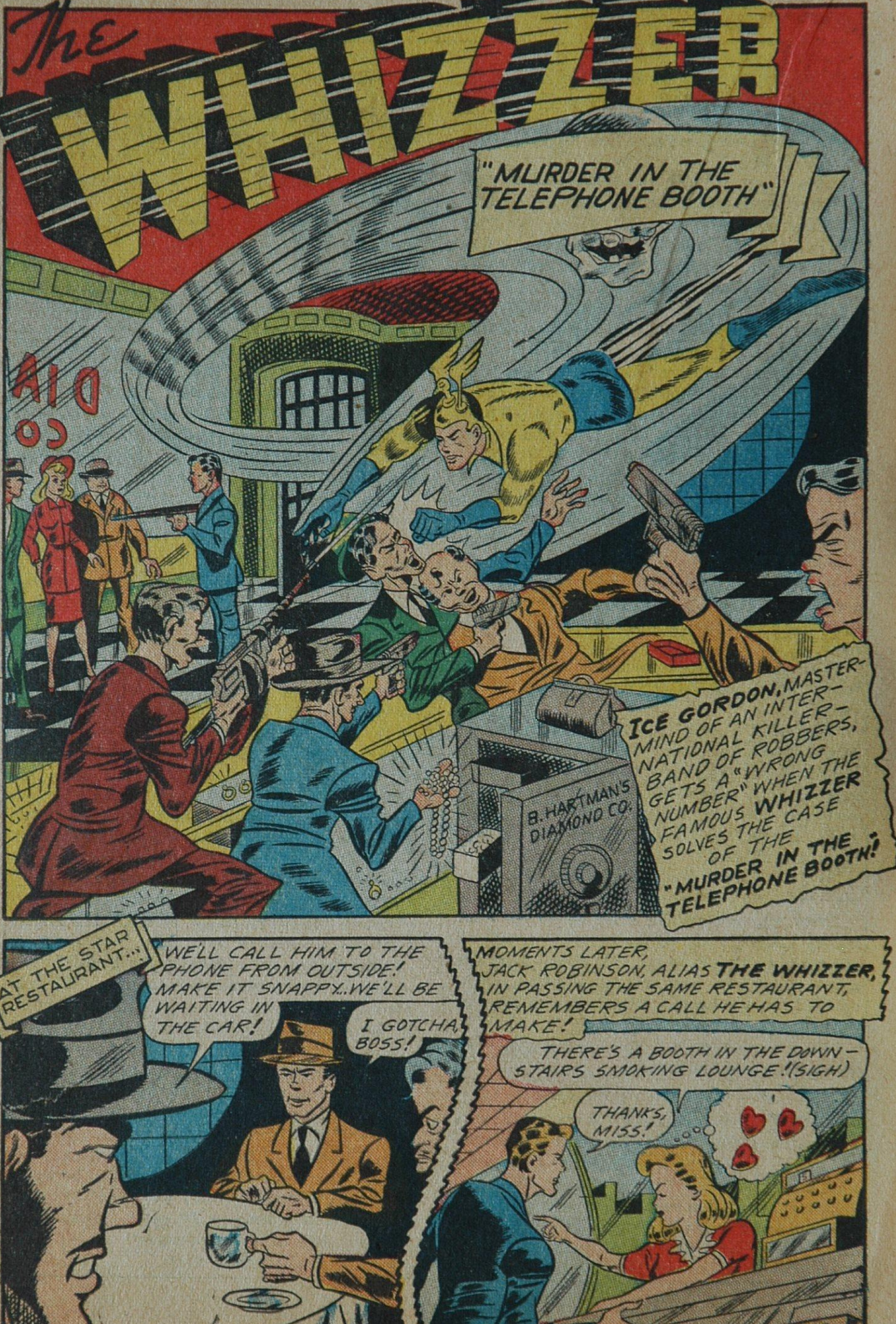
Morris' heart beat more rapidly. "Heard? Heard what?"

"Mr. Corley was killed by a hit and run driver just a half-hour ago, sir. He was coming across the street against the light and . . ."

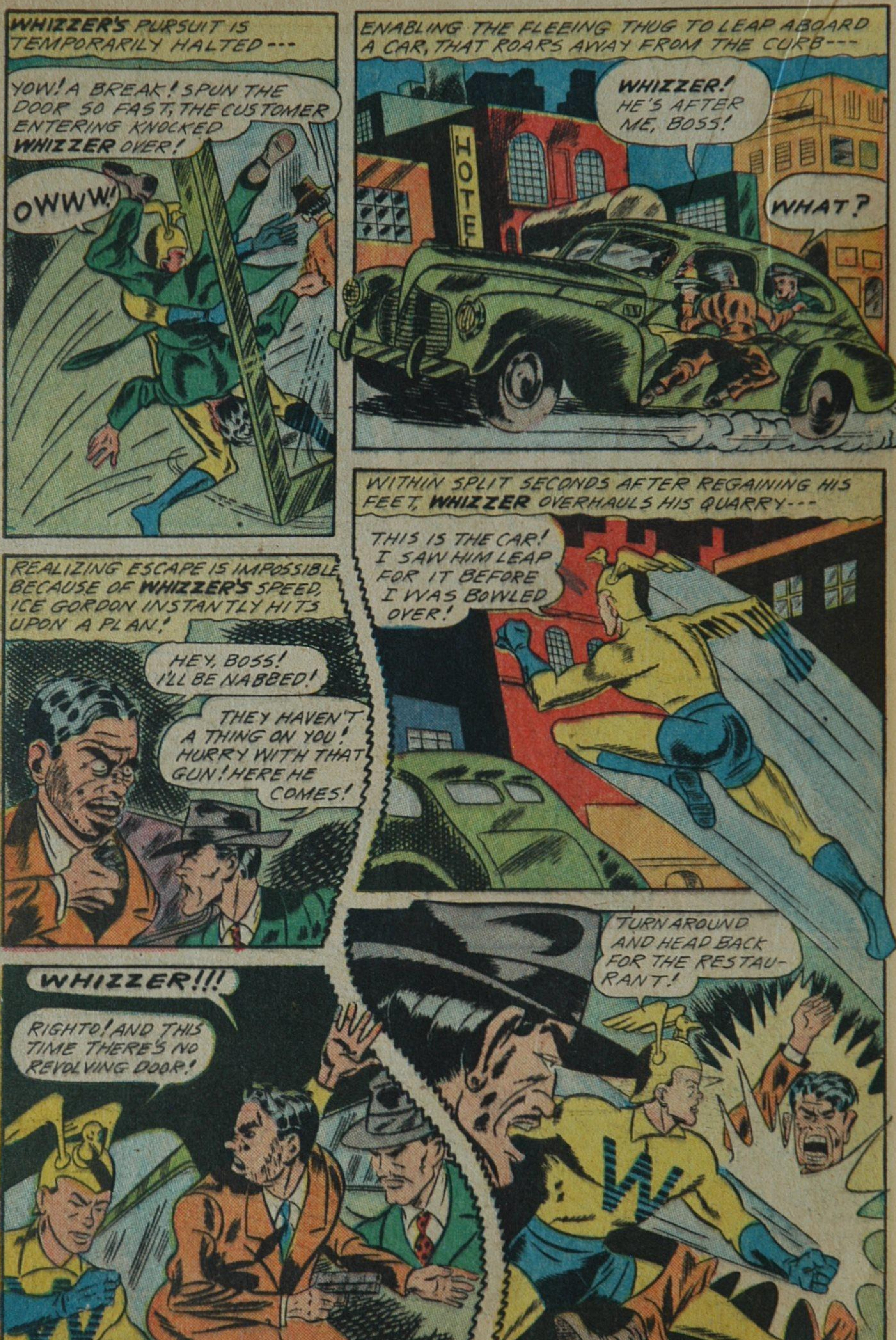
Morris heard no more. He ran out of the car and into the street. Corley was dead! Corley was dead! Now he could go to the examiners and tell them! Maybe he would go to prison—maybe they'd give him a chance! But he would not be a murderer. Corley was dead!

For the first time in 20 years, John Morris had been late for an appointment!

THE END


The WHIZZER
"MURDER IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH"
DIA CO
ICE GORDON, MASTERMIND OF AN INTERNATIONAL KILLER-BAND OF ROBBERS, GETS A "WRONG NUMBER" WHEN THE FAMOUS WHIZZER SOLVES THE CASE OF THE "MURDER IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH!"
B. HARTMAN'S DIAMOND CO.
AT THE STAR RESTAURANT...
WE'LL CALL HIM TO THE PHONE FROM OUTSIDE! MAKE IT SNAPPY.. WE'LL BE WAITING IN THE CAR!
I GOTCHA, BOSS!
MOMENTS LATER, JACK ROBINSON, ALIAS THE WHIZZER, IN PASSING THE SAME RESTAURANT, REMEMBERS A CALL HE HAS TO MAKE!
THERE'S A BOOTH IN THE DOWNSTAIRS SMOKING LOUNGE! (SIGH)
THANKS, MISS!
CIGARS

OOFF! HEY!
SORRY! I WAS IN A HURRY TO USE THE PHONE AND DIDN'T SEE YOU COMING!
YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK, BUD! PHONE'S OUTTA ORDER!
BY THE WAY, WHERE IS THE PHONE?
A STARTLING DISCOVERY IS MADE AS ROBINSON REACHES THE BOOTH!!!
SEEMED IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET AWAY! (GULP) GREAT CAESAR???
MIND AND MUSCLE COORDINATE IN LIGHTNING DECISION, AND INSTANTLY THE FAMOUS WHIZZER TAKES SHAPE AND IS AFTER HIS QUARRY--
MURDER! I KNEW THAT GUY WAS UP TO NO GOOD!
EXCITED PATRONS GASP IN AMAZEMENT AS A BLUR OF BLINDING SPEED WHIPS BY---
THERE HE GOES THROUGH THE REVOLVING DOOR!
YEOW! WHIZZER!!
CIGARS
WHIZZ


WHIZZER'S PURSUIT IS TEMPORARILY HALTED---
YOW! A BREAK! SPUN THE DOOR SO FAST, THE CUSTOMER ENTERING KNOCKED WHIZZER OVER!
OWWW!
ENABLING THE FLEEING THUG TO LEAP ABOARD A CAR, THAT ROARS AWAY FROM THE CURB---
WHIZZER! HE'S AFTER ME, BOSS!
HOTEL
WHAT?
WITHIN SPLIT SECONDS AFTER REGAINING HIS FEET, WHIZZER OVERHAULS HIS QUARRY---
THIS IS THE CAR! I SAW HIM LEAP FOR IT BEFORE I WAS BOWLED OVER!
REALIZING ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE OF WHIZZER'S SPEED, ICE GORDON INSTANTLY HITS UPON A PLAN!
HEY, BOSS! I'LL BE NABBED!
THEY HAVEN'T A THING ON YOU! HURRY WITH THAT GUN! HERE HE COMES!
WHIZZER!!!
RIGHTO! AND THIS TIME THERE'S NO REVOLVING DOOR!
TURN AROUND AND HEAD BACK FOR THE RESTAURANT!
W

WHIZZER, BUSY WITH HIS OWN THOUGHTS, LISTENS TO THE CUNNING TALE TOLD CONVINCINGLY BY ICE!
WE WERE ABOUT TO STOP AT THE RESTAURANT! HE LEAPED IN AND THREATENED ME! NATURALLY I INSTRUCTED MY CHAUFFEUR TO OBEY HIM!
HMMM!
HE APPEARS TO BE A DESPERATE CHARACTER! WHAT WAS HE RUNNING FROM?
I DIDN'T DO IT! I'M INNOCENT!
MURDER!
YOU LYING RAT! INNOCENT PEOPLE DON'T CARRY GUNS AND RUN LIKE YOU DID!
THE COPS KNOW ME, THAT'S WHY I BEAT IT! IF I WAS CAUGHT ANYWHERE NEAR THAT STIFF, THEY'D PIN IT ON ME!
I DIDN'T CROAK HIM! I FOUND HIM WHEN I WENT TO THE PHONE!
HERE'S THE RESTAURANT... POLICE CARS IN FRONT. LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY FOUND THE BODY!
WHY ARE WE BEING SEARCHED LIKE CRIMINALS?
JUST ROUTINE!
THAT BABY'S BEEN FRISKED BEFORE, JUDGING BY HOW HE HOISTED HIS HANDS!
GUESS YOU CAN LET 'EM GO!
THANKS! I'LL BE GLAD TO APPEAR AT ANY TIME. HERE'S MY OWNERSHIP CARD!
4

WHY LET HIM GET AWAY, IF YOU THINK HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS?
I'M GIVING HIM ENOUGH ROPE TO PROVE MY HUNCH! CHECK HIS IDENTIFICATION RIGHT AWAY!
AT THE MURDER SCENE--
PAPERS IDENTIFY HIM AS A DIAMOND DEALER... HIS OFFICE SAYS HE WAS CARRYING A FORTUNE IN UNCUT STONES!
WHAT'S THAT CHAIN WITH THE BUCKLE AT THE END?
IT WAS A POUCH, HOLDING THE MISSING DIAMONDS! MUST'VE BEEN CUT BY THE KILLER... THE BUCKLE WAS ATTACHED TO THE DEAD MAN'S POUCH!
ANY PRINTS?
NOT A THING ON IT OR THE KNIFE! THIS MUG MUST'VE USED A HANDKERCHIEF WE FOUND IN THE BOOTH!
I DIDN'T DO IT! YOU CAN'T PIN THIS ON ME! IF I CROAKED HIM, YOU'D FIND THE POUCH ON ME!
WE SEARCHED THE WHOLE JOINT... HE COULDN'T HAVE TOSSED IT AWAY WHILE YOU WERE CHASING HIM!
HERE COMES THE COP I SENT TO CHECK THE OWNERSHIP OF THAT CAR! YOU CAN LET THIS GUY GO!
ARE YOU INSANE? FIRST YOU LET THAT CAR GO, AND NOW YOU WANT ME TO LET THIS KILLER GO!
YOU MUST TRUST ME! I HAVE A PLAN--

THE POLICE CAPTAIN IS SOON WON OVER BY WHIZZER'S EARNEST PLEA, AND IN A FEW MINUTES, ICE GORDON'S KILLER IS FREED!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! I'M BEING SHADOWED! GLAD IT AIN'T THE WHIZZER THOUGH! HE WOULDN'T BE AS EASY TO SHAKE OFF!
AXI
LATER
WHEW! QUITE A CHASE! CHANGED CABS FOUR TIMES... HE WAS SO BUSY WATCHING THE COPS I PLANTED AS SHADOWS, THAT HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME!
WHIZZER, CLOSE ON THE HEELS OF HIS QUARRY, BURSTS IN AFTER HIM, TO GET THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!
GULP!
OKAY, YOU GUYS! END OF THE LINE--WHAT THE---HE'S ALONE!
CRASH!
CRASH
WHIZ
THOSE DOUBLE-CROSSING RATS BEAT IT, LEAVING ME TO HOLD THE BAG! THEY MUSTA GONE BACK TO GET THE SPARKLERS!
BACK WHERE? TELL ME, OR I'LL---
EVEN BEFORE THE BETRAYED JEWEL-THIEF CAN FINISH, THE WHIZZER IS OFF---
THE RESTAURANT! I TOSSED THE POUCH ON TOP OF THE TELEPHONE BOOTH WHEN I SAW SOME BLOKE COMING DOWN THE STAIRS--- YEOW!
MEANWHILE, AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE RESTAURANT---
WHAT IF THE LAW IS AROUND?
YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR! THEY WON'T SEE YOU SLIP DOWN AND GET THE POUCH!

MEANWHILE, WHIZZER'S ABNORMAL SPEED HAS ENABLED HIM TO REACH THE MURDER SCENE, SPLIT SECONDS AHEAD OF GORDON'S THUGS---
WHIZZZ
LET'S GO, BOSS! I GOT IT! LOOK (GULP) WHIZZER! SHOOT! SHOOT!
ICE GORDON AND HIS KILLER BLAZE AWAY IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO HALT THEIR PURSUING NEMESIS!
A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT TO RUN DOWN THE NIMBLE-FOOTED SPEED DEMON COMES TO NAUGHT!
OOPS! PLENTY CLOSE.. OH-OH! LOOK OUT FOR THAT LAMP POST!
WHIZZ
SUDDENLY..
AYIII!!
GOSH! THEY'RE PINNED IN THE WRECKAGE! ONLY THING THAT'LL SURVIVE THOSE FLAMES ARE THE DIAMONDS IN THAT POUCH! THEY CAN'T BURN!
THE END

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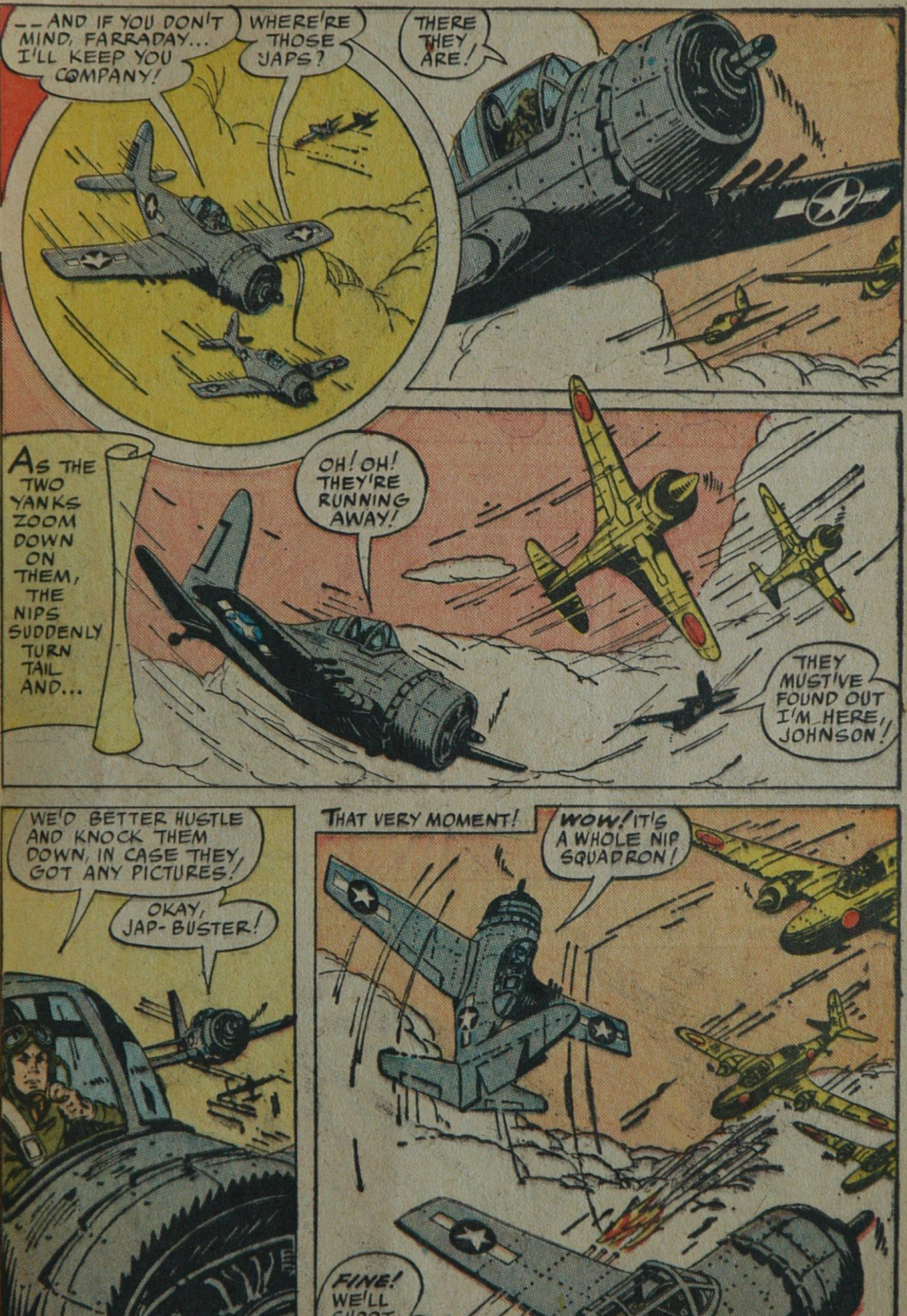
JAP BUSTER JOHNSON
AN EXTRACT FROM JAP-BUSTER'S SECRET WAR DIARY!
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD... REVEALING FOR THE FIRST TIME INFORMATION WHICH COULD NOT BE MADE KNOWN PUBLICLY BEFORE — THE TRUE STORY BEHIND THE FATEFUL DAY THAT JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON RAN INTO "THE LONE WOLF!"
At AN AMERICAN AIR-BASE SOMEWHERE IN CHINA...
TELL US ABOUT THE TIME YOU TOOK ON THAT WHOLE SQUADRON OF ZEROS SINGLE-HANDED, JAP-BUSTER!
YEAH! LET US IN ON SOME OF YOUR SECRETS, CAPTAIN JOHNSON!
LISTEN, MEN! IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS YOU'LL BE SHOWING ME TRICKS! AND REMEMBER, WE DON'T WORK SINGLE-HANDED AROUND HERE! IT'S TEAM-WORK THAT COUNTS!

SUDDENLY...
MY GOSH!
HOLY HANNAH! — THIS GUY'S COMING IN UPSIDE DOWN!
GET BACK, BOYS! GET BACK!
WHIZZ!!
NOW, WHO'S THAT BABY?
WHOEVER HE IS, HE SURE CAN HANDLE THAT SHIP!
AND MOMENTS LATER...
GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN! ESPECIALLY TO JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON, IF HE'S AROUND ANYWHERE!
SO YOU'RE THE FAMOUS JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON! — WELL, I AM THE FAMOUS FRED FARRADAY!
YOU NEVER HEARD OF ME? WELL, YOU WILL, JAP-BUSTER — YOU WILL!
SO...
And AN HOUR LATER, AFTER YOUNG FARRADAY HAS REPORTED TO HIS NEW COMMANDING OFFICER...
OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN!
OF COURSE IT'S ME! THEY TRANSFERRED ME TO THIS BASE BECAUSE THEY SAID IT'D DO ME GOOD TO WORK WITH YOU... WHATEVER THEY MEANT BY THAT CRACK!

SO HERE I AM, JAP-BUSTER! ONLY I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE THE OTHER WAY AROUND... —I THINK IT'S GOING TO DO YOU GOOD TO WORK WITH ME!
SO?
JUST THEN!
OH! OH! SOUNDS LIKE A COUPLE OF JAP PLANES TO ME!
WHAT BIG EARS YOU HAVE, GRANDMA!... BUT FRANKLY I DIDN'T HEAR A THING!
MEANWHILE, AT THE C.O.'s HEADQUARTERS...
SOUND THE ALARM! TWO JAP PLANES SIGHTED! THEY MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO TAKE PHOTOS OF THIS BASE!
SO THEY ARE JAP PLANES!
TAKE OFF, CAPTAIN JOHNSON!
YES, SIR!
MOMENTS LATER...
WHO'S TAILING ME BACK THERE?
JUST ME, JOHNSON, LITTLE FREDDIE FARRADAY!
SAY, JAP-BUSTER! WHY DON'T YOU JUST HEAD BACK TO BASE AND LET ME TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO NIPS? I WON'T NEED YOUR HELP!
FIRST YOU'D BETTER FIND THE JAPS!


--AND IF YOU DON'T MIND, FARRADAY... I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY!
WHERE'RE THOSE JAPS?
THERE THEY ARE!
AS THE TWO YANKS ZOOM DOWN ON THEM, THE NIPS SUDDENLY TURN TAIL AND...
OH! OH! THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY!
THEY MUST'VE FOUND OUT I'M HERE, JOHNSON!
WE'D BETTER HUSTLE AND KNOCK THEM DOWN, IN CASE THEY GOT ANY PICTURES!
OKAY, JAP-BUSTER!
THAT VERY MOMENT!
WOW! IT'S A WHOLE NIP SQUADRON!
FINE! WE'LL SHOOT 'EM ALL DOWN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN HANDLE THIS BUNCH, FARRADAY! — WE'LL USE THE OLD **ONE-TWO** ON THEM!
WE WILL, HUH?
..LIKE THIS! ONE OF US WILL BE THE BAIT AND LET THE NIPS GET ON HIS TAIL.. WHILE THE OTHER KNOCKS THEM DOWN AS THEY'RE BUSY MOVING INTO POSITION FOR THE KILL!
VERY INTERESTING, JAP-BUSTER, BUT..
I HAPPEN TO BE A **LONE WOLF!**
And "LONE WOLF" FARRADAY STARTS SPREADING HAVOC AMONG THE NIPS...
WATCH **THIS,** JAP-BUSTER!
BUT FIGHTING SEPARATELY, IT ISN'T VERY LONG BEFORE THE ODDS BECOME TOO GREAT FOR THE TWO YANKS!
NICE GOING, LONE-WOLF!

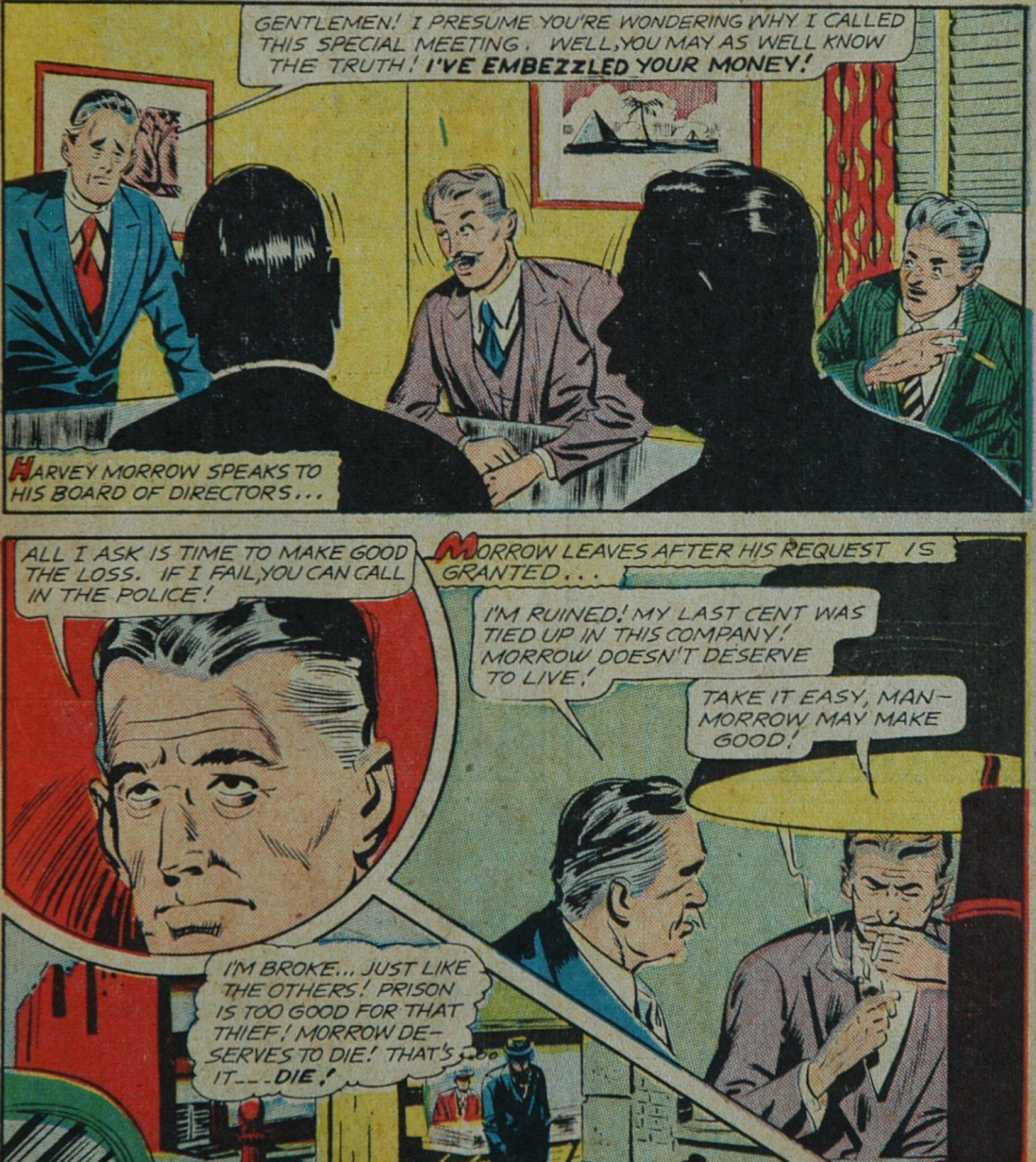
And SEVERAL HOURS LATER!
TWO YANKEE PIGS PUT UNDER GUARD!
AH... HA! IF NEW RECONNAISSANCE PICTURES ARE NO GOOD, WE MAKE YANKEES TELL OF ALLIED PLANS!
WE MIGHT AS WELL TALK RIGHT OUT.., IF THEY UNDERSTAND ENGLISH THEY'LL SLUG US, AND IF THEY DON'T, WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
WE MIGHT, HUH? INTERESTING!
CUT THE CLOWNING, FARRADAY! LISTEN! I'VE NOTICED SEVERAL YANK PLANES OUT THERE THAT THE NIPS HAVE CAPTURED OR SHOT DOWN AND THEN REBUILT... IF WE WORK TOGETHER WE MIGHT..
HMM...
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET OUT, JAP-BUSTER!
SOCK!
And AS THE JAPS POUR IN...
THE CRAZY FOOL! THEY'LL SLAUGHTER HIM!... WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE COURSE LEFT FOR ME NOW!
And AS THE DUO DASHES TOWARD THE AMERICAN PLANES...
OH! OH! THEY GOT HIM!

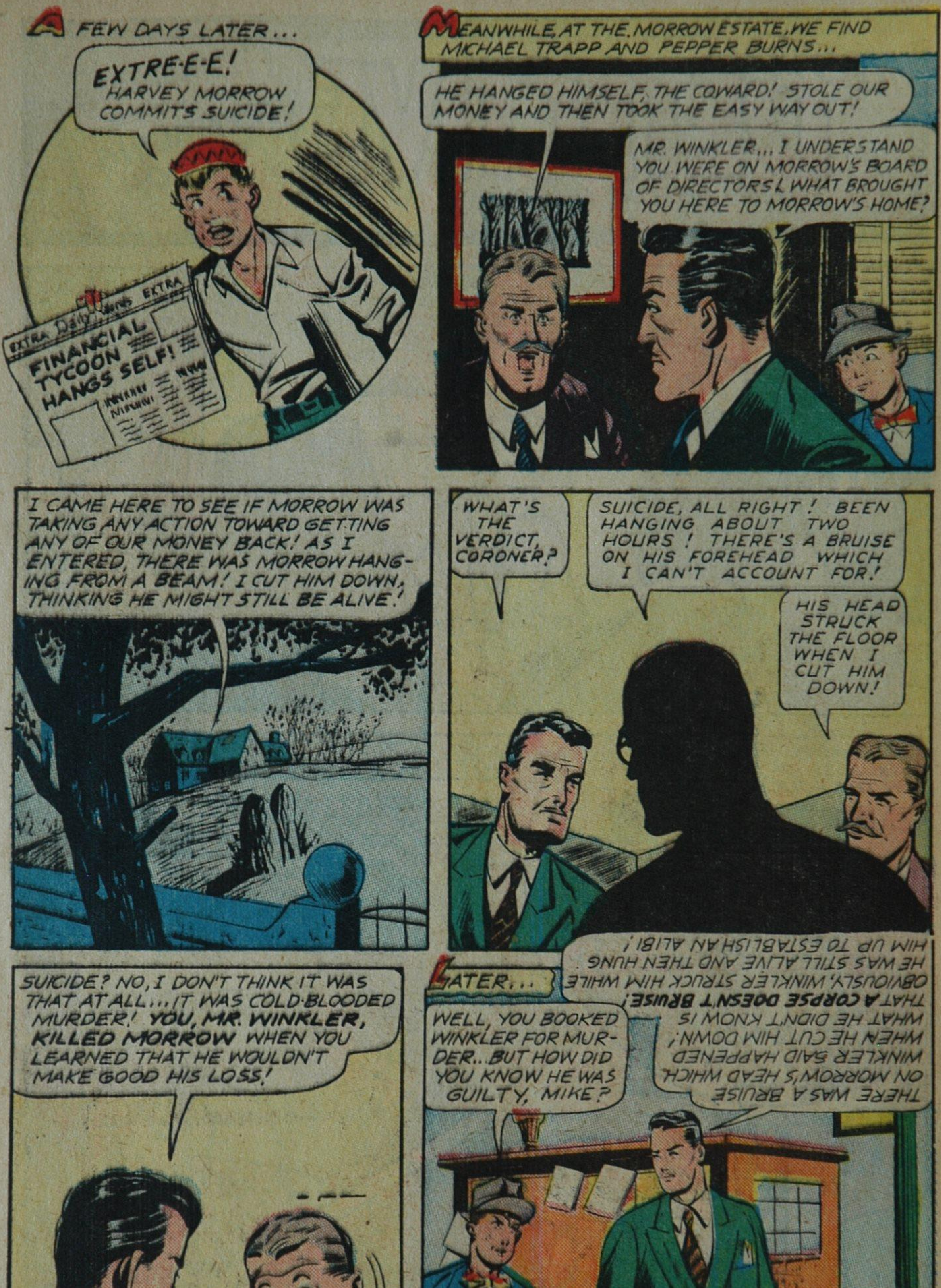
YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP, KID! THEY ONLY CREASED YOU!
I-I'LL TRY, JAP-BUSTER!
IN YOU GO! NOW FLY THAT THING OUT OF HERE FAST!
ZING!
ZING!
MOMENTS LATER...
FARRADAY! THE NIPS ARE COMING BACK FOR MORE!
YEAH! LET'S GIVE THEM THE *OLD ONE-TWO!*
HE'S BAITING 'EM WITH THAT PLANE... SO I CAN KNOCK 'EM OFF...
BLAST THEM OUT OF THE SKY, JAP-BUSTER!
I'VE BEEN A DARN FOOL, JAP-BUSTER! FROM NOW ON, THE "LONE WOLF" IS A TEAM-FIGHTER, BELIEVE ME!
HE SURE DID MASTER THE OLD ONE-TWO IN ONE EASY LESSON! HE'S A REAL TEAM-FIGHTER NOW!
The End

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

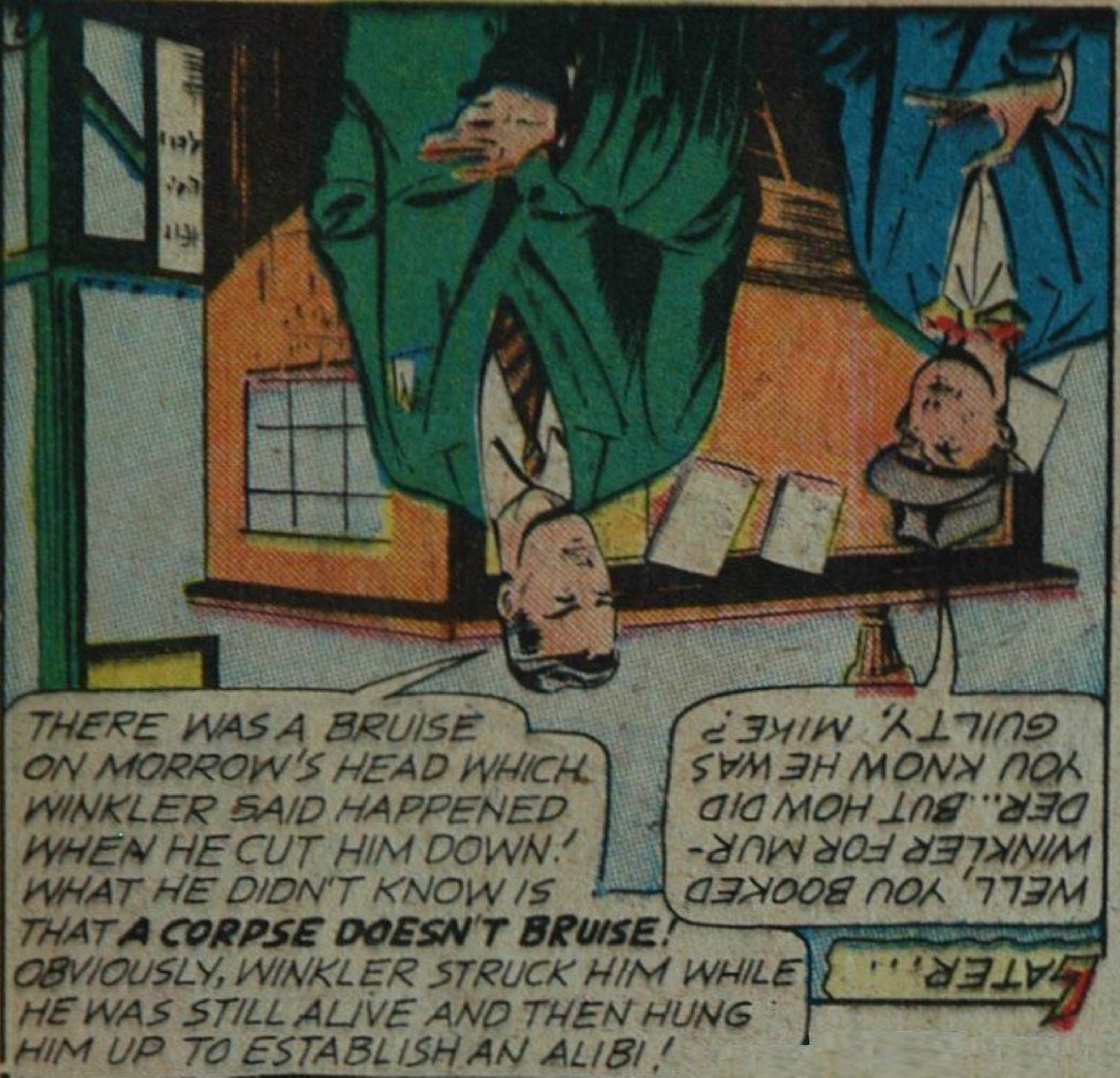
STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP

Case of the TREMBLING TYCOON


GENTLEMEN! I PRESUME YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I CALLED THIS SPECIAL MEETING. WELL, YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW THE TRUTH! **I'VE EMBEZZLED YOUR MONEY!**
HARVEY MORROW SPEAKS TO HIS BOARD OF DIRECTORS...
ALL I ASK IS TIME TO MAKE GOOD THE LOSS. IF I FAIL, YOU CAN CALL IN THE POLICE!
MORROW LEAVES AFTER HIS REQUEST IS GRANTED...
I'M RUINED! MY LAST CENT WAS TIED UP IN THIS COMPANY! MORROW DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE!
TAKE IT EASY, MAN—MORROW MAY MAKE GOOD!
I'M BROKE... JUST LIKE THE OTHERS! PRISON IS TOO GOOD FOR THAT THIEF! MORROW DESERVES TO DIE! THAT'S IT---**DIE!**
DAILY ERS


A FEW DAYS LATER...
EXTRE-E-E! HARVEY MORROW COMMITS SUICIDE!
EXTRA Daily News EXTRA FINANCIAL TYCOON HANGS SELF!
MEANWHILE, AT THE MORROW ESTATE, WE FIND MICHAEL TRAPP AND PEPPER BURNS...
HE HANGED HIMSELF, THE COWARD! STOLE OUR MONEY AND THEN TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT!
MR. WINKLER... I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE ON MORROW'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS! WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MORROW'S HOME?
I CAME HERE TO SEE IF MORROW WAS TAKING ANY ACTION TOWARD GETTING ANY OF OUR MONEY BACK! AS I ENTERED, THERE WAS MORROW HANGING FROM A BEAM! I CUT HIM DOWN, THINKING HE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE!
WHAT'S THE VERDICT, CORONER?
SUICIDE, ALL RIGHT! BEEN HANGING ABOUT TWO HOURS! THERE'S A BRUISE ON HIS FOREHEAD WHICH I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR!
HIS HEAD STRUCK THE FLOOR WHEN I CUT HIM DOWN!
SUICIDE? NO, I DON'T THINK IT WAS THAT AT ALL... IT WAS COLD-BLOODED MURDER! YOU, MR. WINKLER, KILLED MORROW WHEN YOU LEARNED THAT HE WOULDN'T MAKE GOOD HIS LOSS!
LATER...
WELL, YOU BOOKED WINKLER FOR MURDER... BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WAS GUILTY, MIKE?
THERE WAS A BRUISE ON MORROW'S HEAD WHICH WINKLER SAID HAPPENED WHEN HE CUT HIM DOWN; WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW IS THAT A CORPSE DOESN'T BRUISE! OBVIOUSLY, WINKLER STRUCK HIM WHILE HE WAS STILL ALIVE AND THEN HUNG HIM UP TO ESTABLISH AN ALIBI!

TURN PAGE UP SIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION.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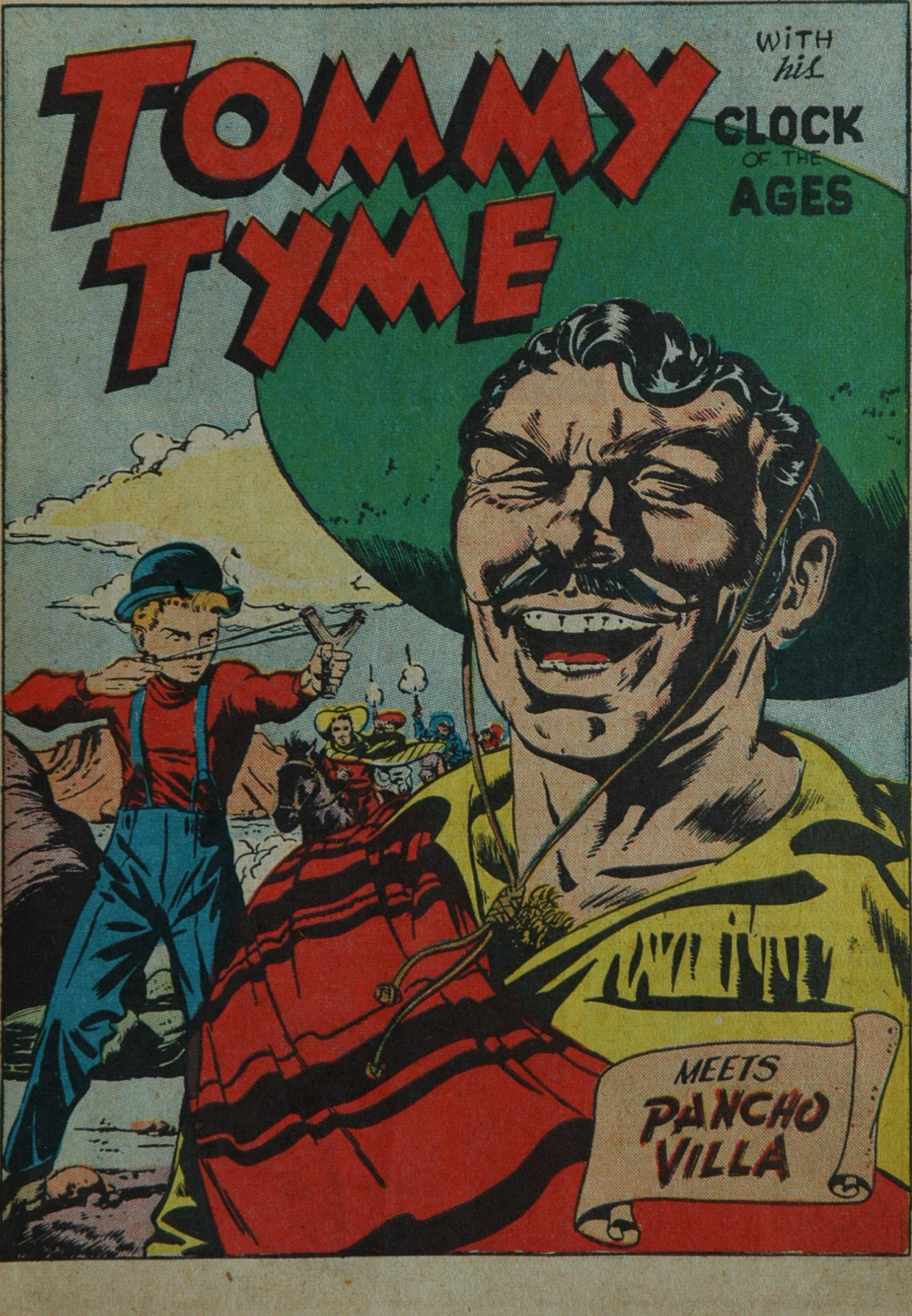
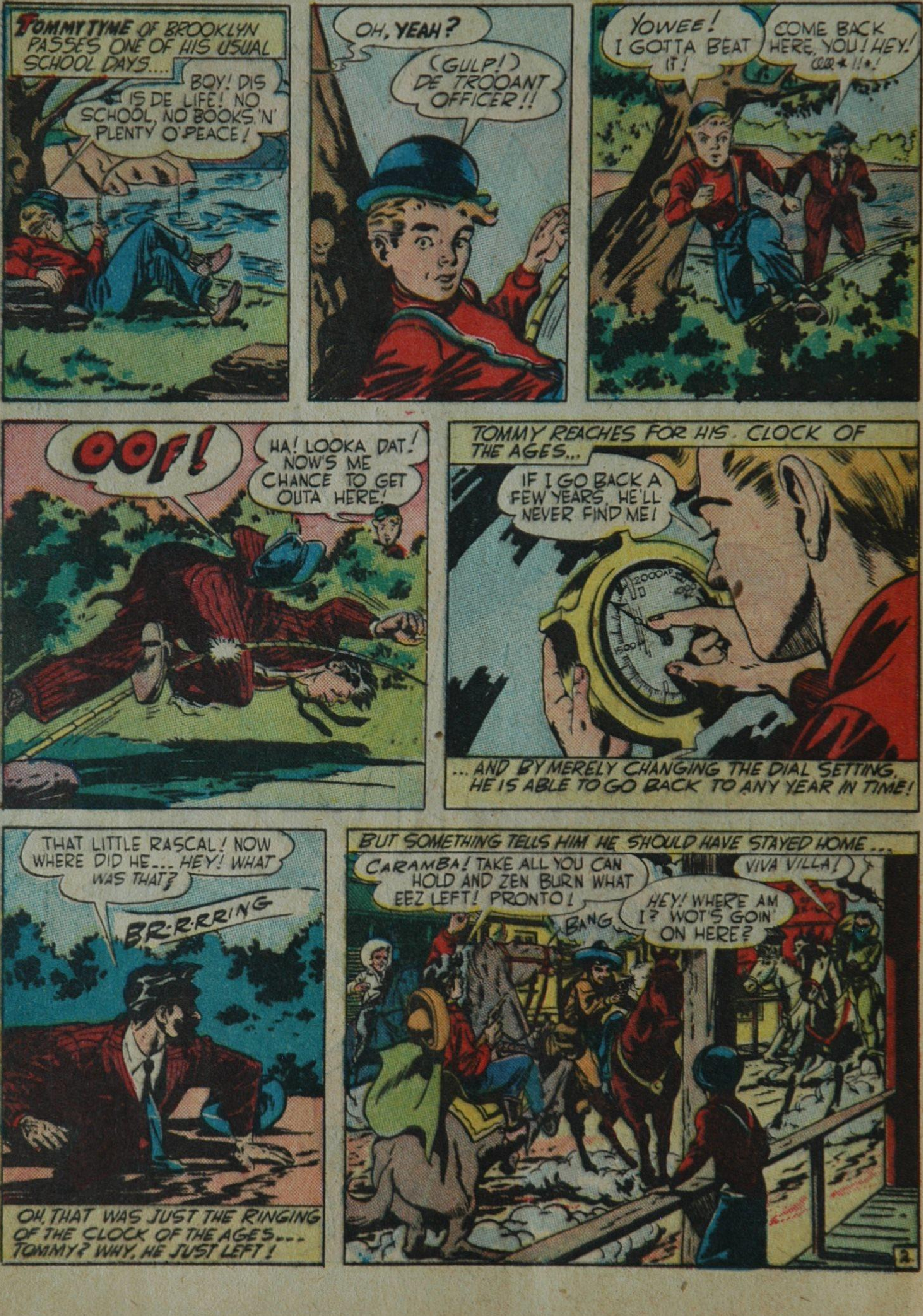
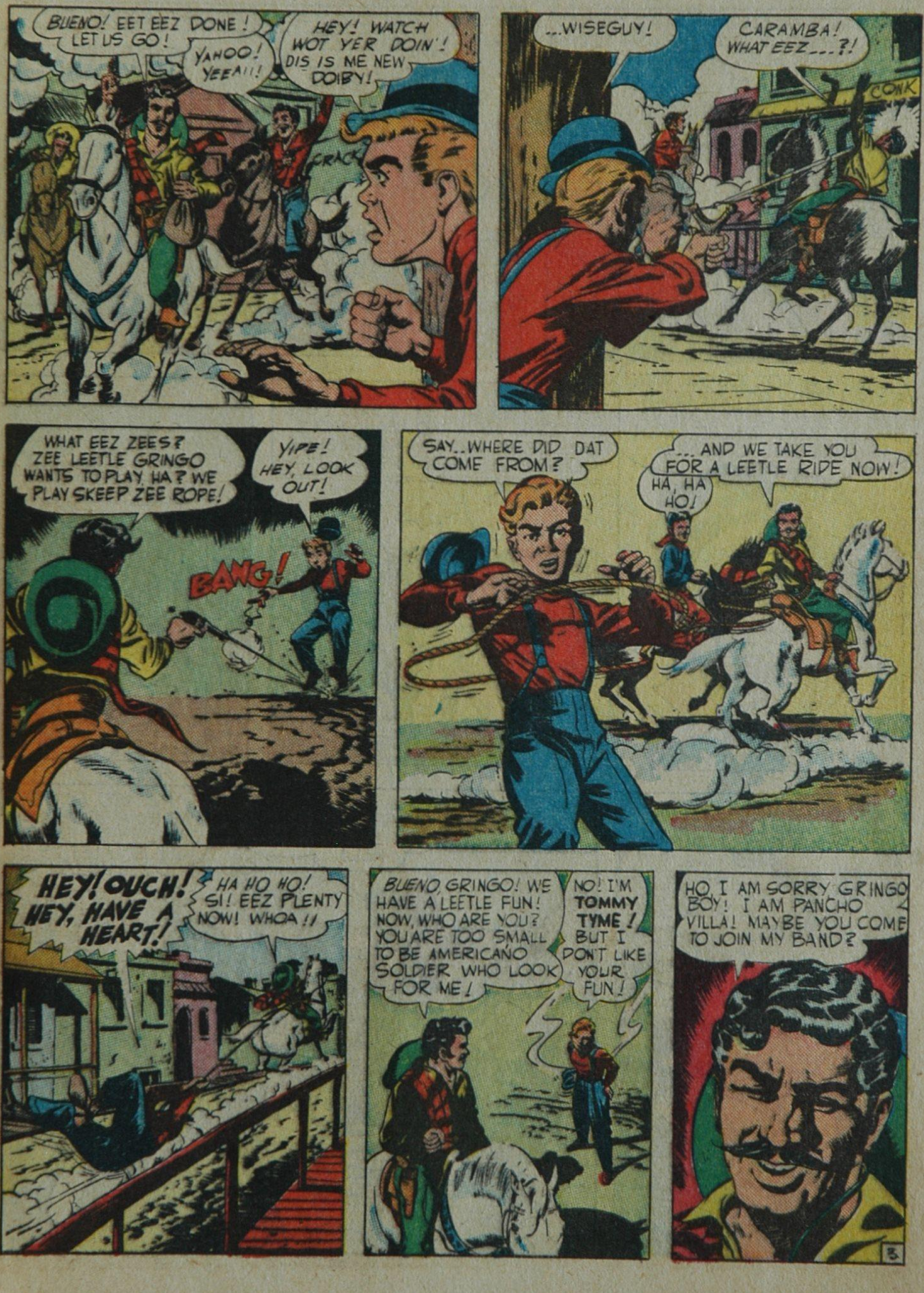
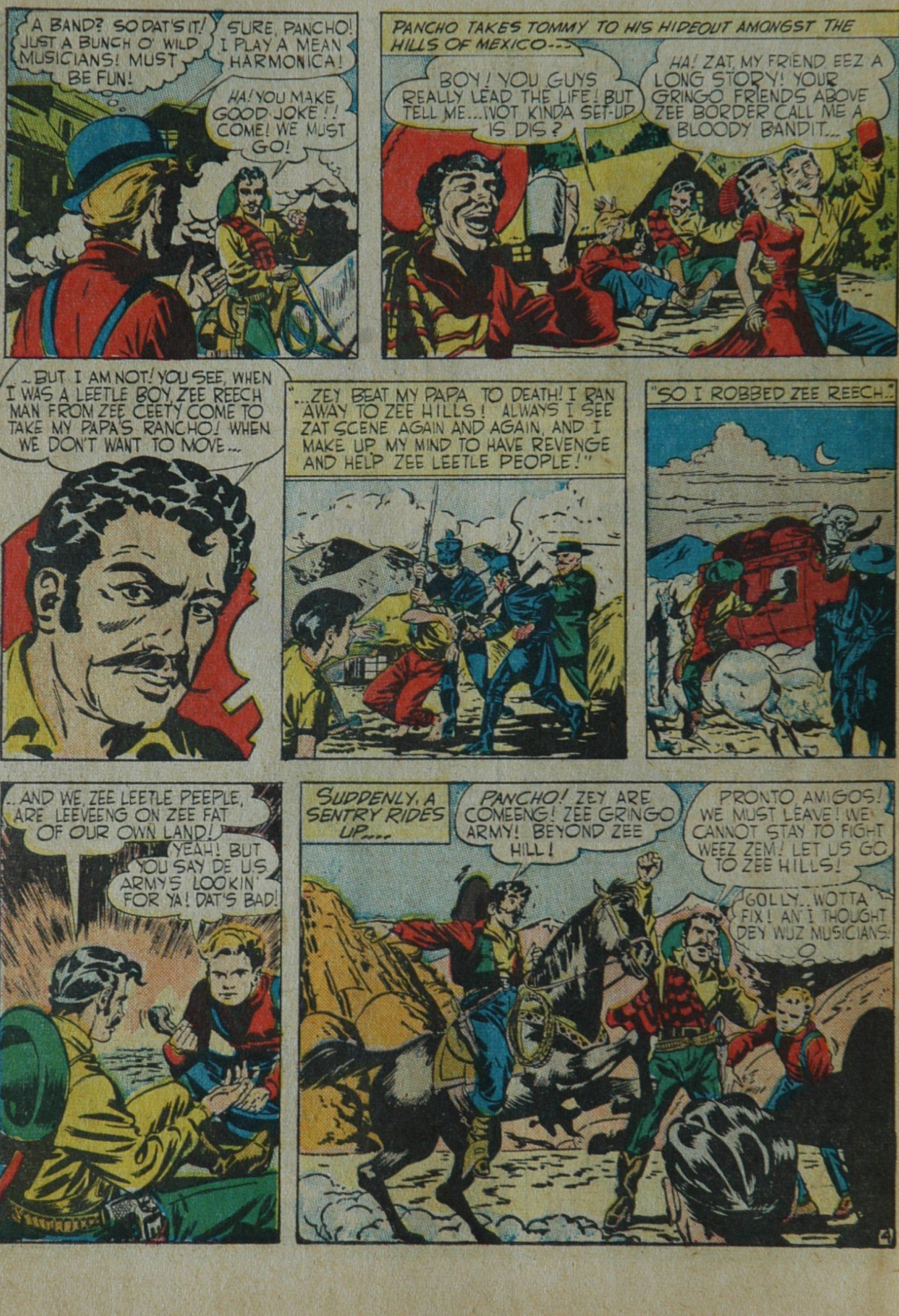
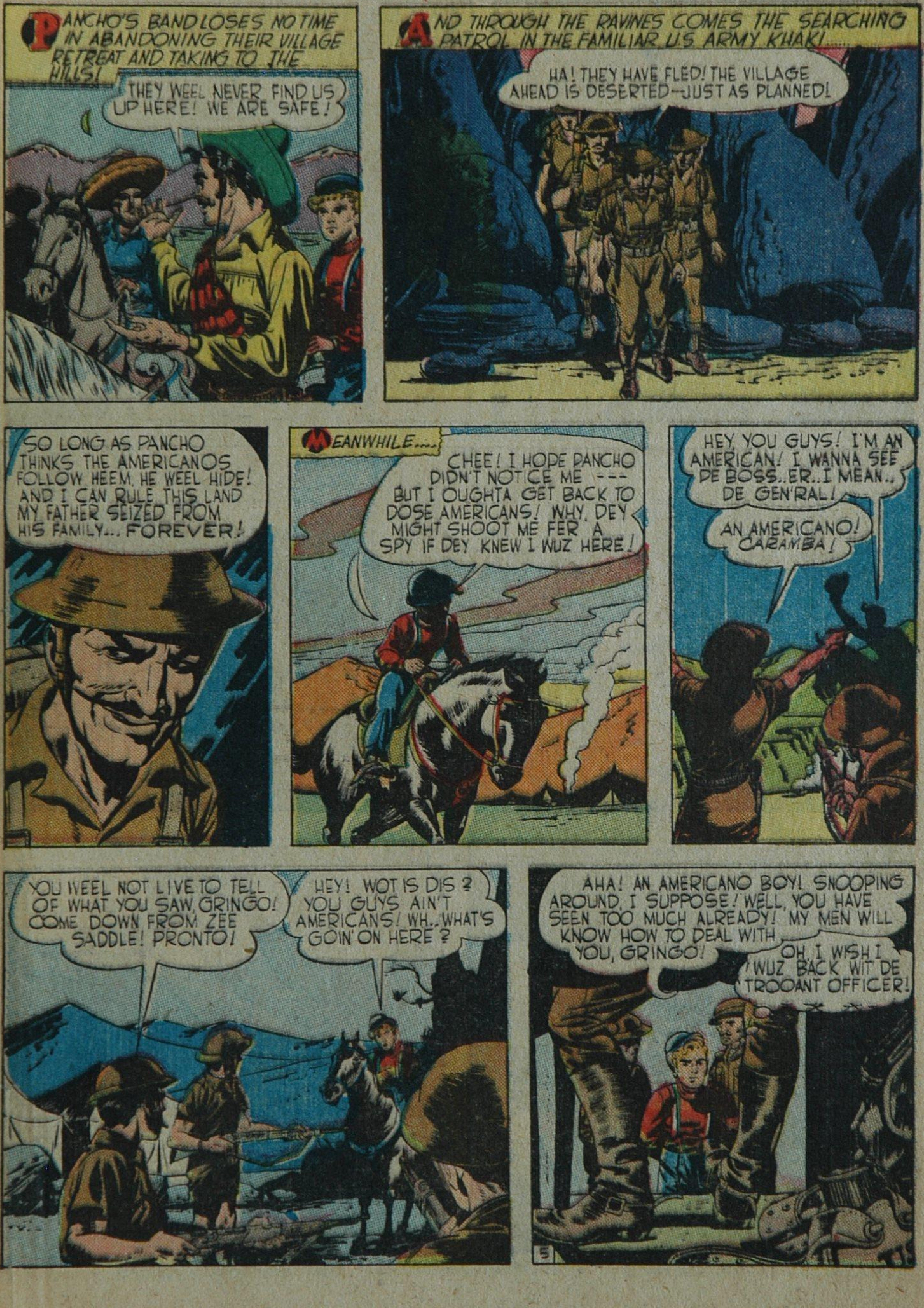
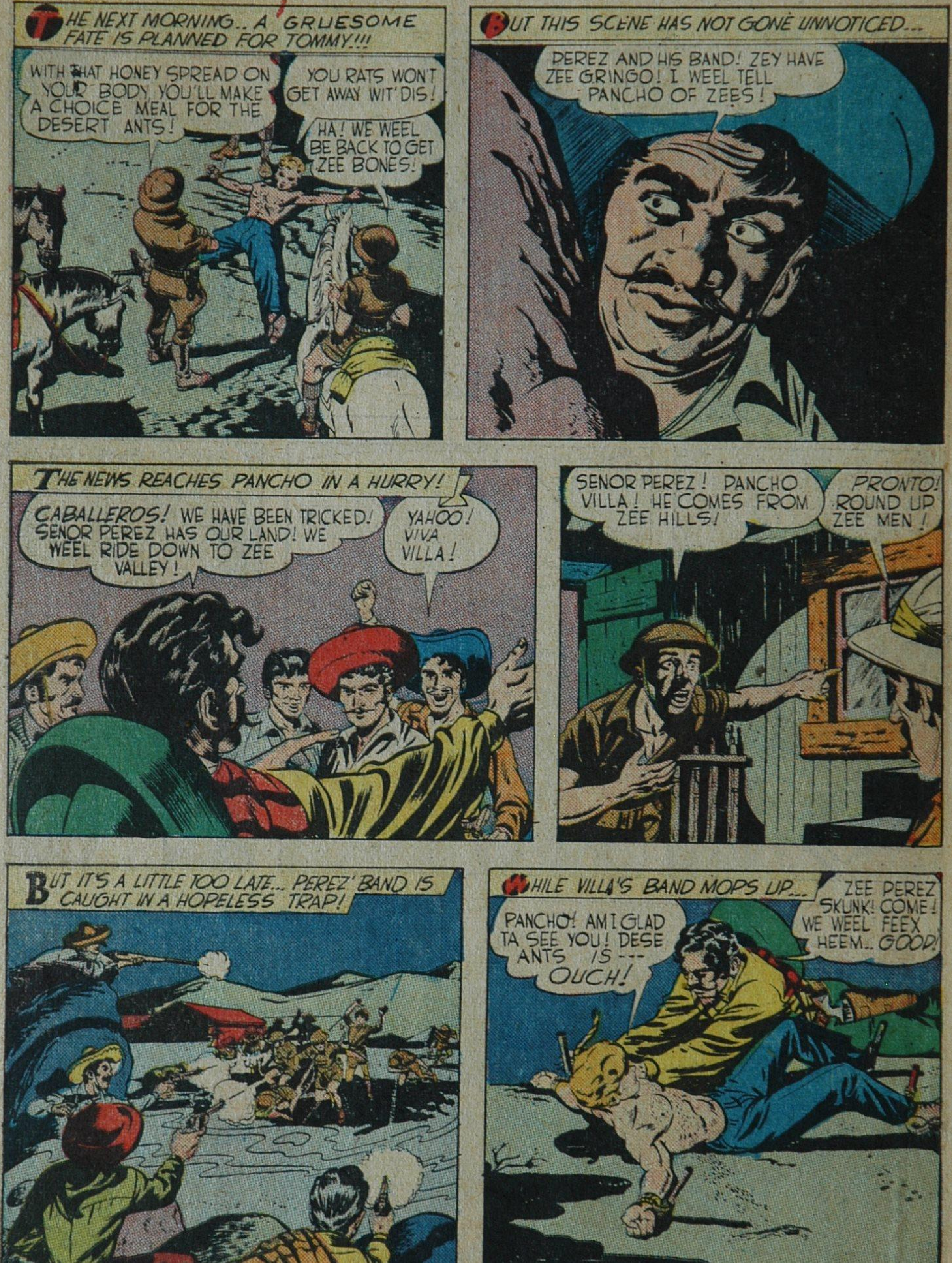

TOMMY TYME
WITH his
CLOCK OF THE AGES
MEETS PANCHO VILLA

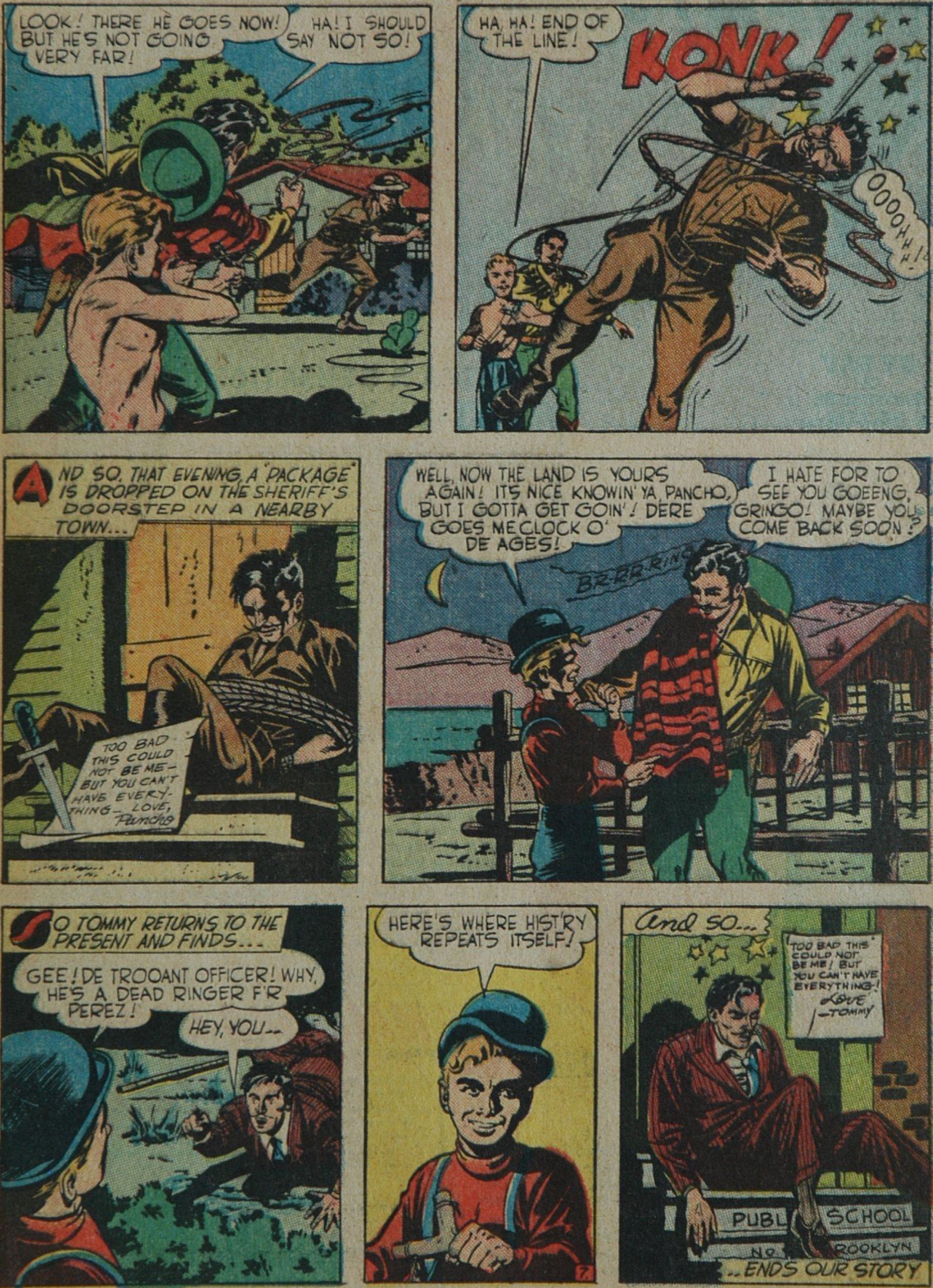

TOMMY TYME OF BROOKLYN PASSES ONE OF HIS USUAL SCHOOL DAYS....
BOY! DIS IS DE LIFE! NO SCHOOL, NO BOOKS 'N' PLENTY O' PEACE!
OH, YEAH?
(GULP!) DE TROOANT OFFICER!!
YOWEE! I GOTTA BEAT IT!
COME BACK HERE, YOU! HEY! @&*!!*!
OOF!
HA! LOOKA DAT! NOW'S ME CHANCE TO GET OUTA HERE!
TOMMY REACHES FOR HIS CLOCK OF THE AGES...
IF I GO BACK A FEW YEARS, HE'LL NEVER FIND ME!
2000AD
1500
... AND BY MERELY CHANGING THE DIAL SETTING, HE IS ABLE TO GO BACK TO ANY YEAR IN TIME!
THAT LITTLE RASCAL! NOW WHERE DID HE... HEY! WHAT WAS THAT?
BR-R-RRING
OH, THAT WAS JUST THE RINGING OF THE CLOCK OF THE AGES... TOMMY? WHY, HE JUST LEFT!
BUT SOMETHING TELLS HIM HE SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME...
CARAMBA! TAKE ALL YOU CAN HOLD AND ZEN BURN WHAT EEZ LEFT! PRONTO!
BANG
VIVA VILLA!
HEY! WHERE AM I? WOT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
2

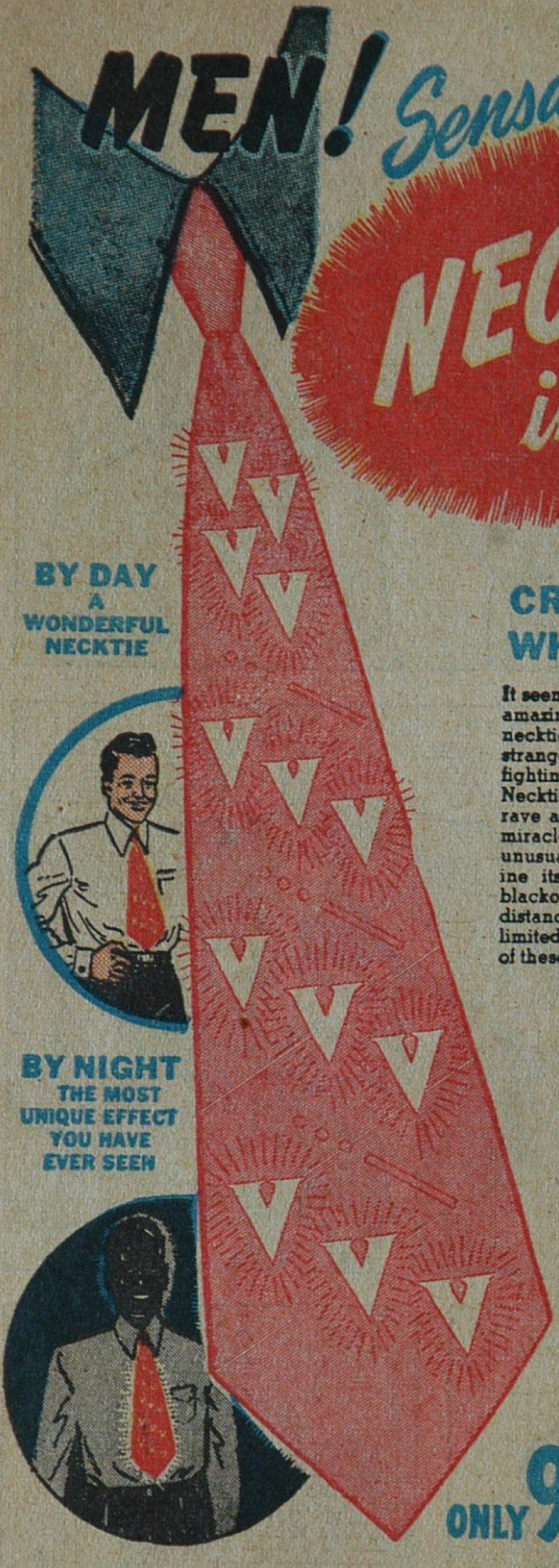

BUENO! EET EEZ DONE! LET US GO!
YAHOO! YEEA!!!
HEY! WATCH WOT YER DOIN'! DIS IS ME NEW DOIBY!
CRACK
...WISEGUY!
CARAMBA! WHAT EEZ---?!
CONK
WHAT EEZ ZEES? ZEE LEETLE GRINGO WANTS TO PLAY, HA? WE PLAY SKEEP ZEE ROPE!
YIPE! HEY, LOOK OUT!
BANG!
SAY..WHERE DID DAT COME FROM?
...AND WE TAKE YOU FOR A LEETLE RIDE NOW!
HA, HA HO!
HEY! OUCH! HEY, HAVE A HEART!
HA HO HO! SI! EEZ PLENTY NOW! WHOA!!
BUENO, GRINGO! WE HAVE A LEETLE FUN! NOW, WHO ARE YOU? YOU ARE TOO SMALL TO BE AMERICANO SOLDIER WHO LOOK FOR ME!
NO! I'M TOMMY TYME! BUT I DON'T LIKE YOUR FUN!
HO, I AM SORRY GRINGO BOY! I AM PANCHO VILLA! MAYBE YOU COME TO JOIN MY BAND?
3


A BAND? SO DAT'S IT! JUST A BUNCH O' WILD MUSICIANS! MUST BE FUN!
SURE, PANCHO! I PLAY A MEAN HARMONICA!
HA! YOU MAKE GOOD JOKE!! COME! WE MUST GO!
PANCHO TAKES TOMMY TO HIS HIDEOUT AMONGST THE HILLS OF MEXICO--
BOY! YOU GUYS REALLY LEAD THE LIFE! BUT TELL ME...WOT KINDA SET-UP IS DIS?
HA! ZAT, MY FRIEND, EEZ A LONG STORY! YOUR GRINGO FRIENDS ABOVE ZEE BORDER CALL ME A BLOODY BANDIT...
...BUT I AM NOT! YOU SEE, WHEN I WAS A LEETLE BOY, ZEE REECH MAN FROM ZEE CEETY COME TO TAKE MY PAPA'S RANCHO! WHEN WE DON'T WANT TO MOVE...
"...ZEY BEAT MY PAPA TO DEATH! I RAN AWAY TO ZEE HILLS! ALWAYS I SEE ZAT SCENE AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND I MAKE UP MY MIND TO HAVE REVENGE AND HELP ZEE LEETLE PEOPLE!"
"SO I ROBBED ZEE REECH..."
...AND WE, ZEE LEETLE PEEPLE, ARE LEEVEENG ON ZEE FAT OF OUR OWN LAND!
YEAH! BUT YOU SAY DE U.S. ARMY'S LOOKIN' FOR YA! DAT'S BAD!
SUDDENLY, A SENTRY RIDES UP....
PANCHO! ZEY ARE COMEENG! ZEE GRINGO ARMY! BEYOND ZEE HILL!
PRONTO, AMIGOS! WE MUST LEAVE! WE CANNOT STAY TO FIGHT WEEZ ZEM! LET US GO TO ZEE HILLS!
GOLLY.. WOTTA FIX! AN' I THOUGHT DEY WUZ MUSICIANS!


PANCHO'S BAND LOSES NO TIME IN ABANDONING THEIR VILLAGE RETREAT AND TAKING TO THE HILLS!
THEY WEEL NEVER FIND US UP HERE! WE ARE SAFE!
AND THROUGH THE RAVINES COMES THE SEARCHING PATROL IN THE FAMILIAR U.S. ARMY KHAKI...
HA! THEY HAVE FLED! THE VILLAGE AHEAD IS DESERTED--JUST AS PLANNED!
SO LONG AS PANCHO THINKS THE AMERICANOS FOLLOW HEEM, HE WEEL HIDE! AND I CAN RULE THIS LAND MY FATHER SEIZED FROM HIS FAMILY... FOREVER!
MEANWHILE....
CHEE! I HOPE PANCHO DIDN'T NOTICE ME --- BUT I OUGHTA GET BACK TO DOSE AMERICANS! WHY, DEY MIGHT SHOOT ME FER A SPY IF DEY KNEW I WUZ HERE!
HEY, YOU GUYS! I'M AN AMERICAN! I WANNA SEE DE BOSS..ER..I MEAN.. DE GEN'RAL!
AN AMERICANO! CARAMBA!
YOU WEEL NOT LIVE TO TELL OF WHAT YOU SAW, GRINGO! COME DOWN FROM ZEE SADDLE! PRONTO!
HEY! WOT IS DIS? YOU GUYS AIN'T AMERICANS! WH...WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
AHA! AN AMERICANO BOY! SNOOPING AROUND, I SUPPOSE! WELL, YOU HAVE SEEN TOO MUCH ALREADY! MY MEN WILL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU, GRINGO!
OH, I WISH I WUZ BACK WIT DE TROOANT OFFICER!


THE NEXT MORNING.. A GRUESOME FATE IS PLANNED FOR TOMMY!!!
WITH THAT HONEY SPREAD ON YOUR BODY YOU'LL MAKE A CHOICE MEAL FOR THE DESERT ANTS!
YOU RATS WON'T GET AWAY WIT' DIS!
HA! WE WEEL BE BACK TO GET ZEE BONES!
BUT THIS SCENE HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED...
PEREZ AND HIS BAND! ZEY HAVE ZEE GRINGO! I WEEL TELL PANCHO OF ZEES!
THE NEWS REACHES PANCHO IN A HURRY!
CABALLEROS! WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! SENOR PEREZ HAS OUR LAND! WE WEEL RIDE DOWN TO ZEE VALLEY!
YAHOO! VIVA VILLA!
SENOR PEREZ! PANCHO VILLA! HE COMES FROM ZEE HILLS!
PRONTO! ROUND UP ZEE MEN!
BUT IT'S A LITTLE TOO LATE... PEREZ' BAND IS CAUGHT IN A HOPELESS TRAP!
WHILE VILLA'S BAND MOPS UP...
PANCHO! AM I GLAD TA SEE YOU! DESE ANTS IS --- OUCH!
ZEE PEREZ SKUNK! COME! WE WEEL FEEX HEEM.. GOOD!


LOOK! THERE HE GOES NOW! BUT HE'S NOT GOING VERY FAR!
HA! I SHOULD SAY NOT SO!
HA, HA! END OF THE LINE!
KONK!
OOOHHH!
AND SO, THAT EVENING, A "PACKAGE" IS DROPPED ON THE SHERIFF'S DOORSTEP IN A NEARBY TOWN...
TOO BAD THIS COULD NOT BE ME- BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING- LOVE, Pancho
WELL, NOW THE LAND IS YOURS AGAIN! IT'S NICE KNOWIN' YA, PANCHO, BUT I GOTTA GET GOIN'! DERE GOES ME CLOCK O' DE AGES!
I HATE FOR TO SEE YOU GOEENG, GRINGO! MAYBE YOU COME BACK SOON?
BR-RR-RING
SO TOMMY RETURNS TO THE PRESENT AND FINDS...
GEE! DE TROOANT OFFICER! WHY, HE'S A DEAD RINGER F'R PEREZ!
HEY, YOU--
HERE'S WHERE HIST'RY REPEATS ITSELF!
And so...
TOO BAD THIS COULD NOT BE ME! BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING! LOVE -TOMMY
PUBL SCHOOL
NO. ROOKLYN
...ENDS OUR STORY


BY DAY
A WONDERFUL NECKTIE
BY NIGHT
THE MOST UNIQUE EFFECT YOU HAVE EVER SEEN

MEN! Sensational New

NECKTIE GLOWS in the Dark!

CREATES A SENSATION WHEREVER YOU GO . . .

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code — "V!" It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection in blackouts or dimouts for its light can be seen at a distance. And now through this astounding but limited introductory offer you too can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.

YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF

SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON . . . TEST AT OUR RISK

Make no mistake this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive but it won't cost you $5.00 nor even $2.00, for under this special limited offer it is yours for only 98c. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98c plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

ONLY 98¢

MAIL THIS COUPON!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO Dept 854 K
215 N Michigan Ave. Chicago 1, Ill

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98c plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for $2.79 check here ☐

Name ....

Address ....

City .... Zone .... State ....

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's . . . — "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

34
OUR HERO
WELCOME HOME AGAIN!
7

Don't Miss Anything!

8 POWER MAGNIFYING TELESCOPE

See the PLAY BY PLAY Action CLOSE-UP!

COMPACT-FOLDING

Styled Like the Army and Navy Telescopes!

Now you too can own a real telescope! One that's military styled just like those used on battleships and fighting fronts. It's amazing the action and close-up pictures you get through this powerful 8 power telescope. Just like having a front seat all the time. Folds compactly into 12 inches and the three sections open to 18 inches long . . .making it easy to carry and easy to see through in any kind of crowd. Wherever you go . . . carry this telescope with you

HELPS YOU SEE 8 TIMES MORE THAN NORMAL VISION

Don't miss any of the fast action even if you are sitting in the last row. With this powerful little telescope you can easily keep your eye on the ball . . . see the knock-out punch . . . get a good look at the home coming hero . . . and for hunting it's swell for spotting game. There are hundreds of times you can use a telescope when you're too far away to see normally. You'll agree that the $1.98 invested in this telescope was the best you ever made. Fill out and mail the coupon now!

PRECISION GROUND LENSES

Each magnifying lense put into this telescope is precision ground. Accuracy is the keynote in grinding the same as making the lense for a pair of glasses. Each is flawlessly clear so that vision will not be hampered in any way. We guarantee their clearness.

PLASTIC ENDS AND TUBING

Sturdy construction to make this telescope lasting has been built-in. This isn't a toy but a practical, well-made telescope. The ends and sliding sections are made of plastic to insure long-lasting use. All joints are plastic . . . making them non-destructible. A real buy!

MAGNIFYING GLASS ATTACHMENT

A powerful magnifying glass attachment is right on your telescope. The large end is removable and the lense forms your magnifying glass. Handy to use for reading, stamp collections, etc.

5 Day Examination

FREE

You must be satisfied . . . that's why we make this offer. You examine this telescope for 5 days and then if you don't feel it's worth $1.98 you may return it to us and we will refund your money. A fair bargain.

INVENCO CORP., Dept. PM-2
P. O. Box 281, Church St. Annex
New York 8, N. Y.

Your telescope sounds like a good buy. Please send me mine by return mail. Enclosed find $1.98 in ☐ check, ☐ money order. ☐ C.O.D. (I agree to pay postage on C.O.D. orders). If I am not satisfied, I may return the telescope within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

NAME. . . . .

ADDRESS. . . . .

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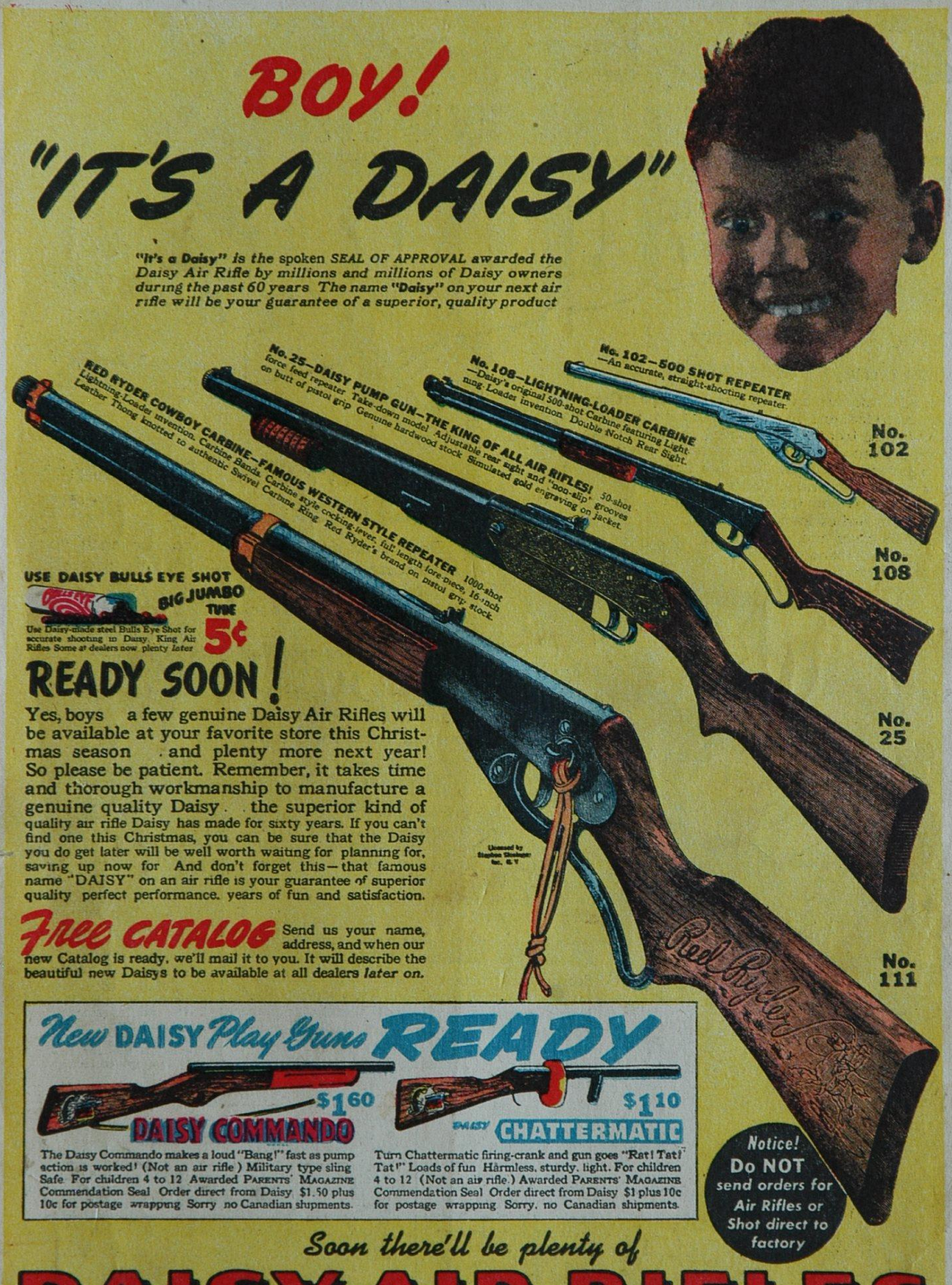
Invenco Corp., P.O. Box 281, Church St. Annex, N.Y.C. 8



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"IT'S A DAISY"

"It's a Daisy" *is the spoken SEAL OF APPROVAL awarded the Daisy Air Rifle by millions and millions of Daisy owners during the past 60 years The name* **"Daisy"** *on your next air rifle will be your guarantee of a superior, quality product*

No. 102—500 SHOT REPEATER —An accurate, straight-shooting repeater.

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RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE—FAMOUS WESTERN STYLE REPEATER 1000-shot Lightning-Loader invention. Carbine Bands. Carbine style cocking-lever, full length fore-piece, 16-inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring. Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock.

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

BIG JUMBO TUBE 5¢

Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles Some at dealers now plenty *later*

READY SOON!

Yes, boys a few genuine Daisy Air Rifles will be available at your favorite store this Christmas season . and plenty more next year! So please be patient. Remember, it takes time and thorough workmanship to manufacture a genuine quality Daisy . the superior kind of quality air rifle Daisy has made for sixty years. If you can't find one this Christmas, you can be sure that the Daisy you do get later will be well worth waiting for planning for, saving up now for And don't forget this—that famous name "DAISY" on an air rifle is your guarantee of superior quality perfect performance, years of fun and satisfaction.

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New DAISY Play Guns READY

$1.60

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The Daisy Commando makes a loud "Bang!" fast as pump action is worked! (Not an air rifle) Military type sling Safe For children 4 to 12 Awarded PARENTS' MAGAZINE Commendation Seal Order direct from Daisy $1.50 plus 10c for postage wrapping Sorry no Canadian shipments.

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Turn Chattermatic firing-crank and gun goes "Rat! Tat! Tat!" Loads of fun Harmless, sturdy, light. For children 4 to 12 (Not an air rifle.) Awarded PARENTS' MAGAZINE Commendation Seal Order direct from Daisy $1 plus 10c for postage wrapping Sorry, no Canadian shipments.

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Shot direct to
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